

Vol. CLXVII. No. 2167

and BYSTANDER

London  
January 6, 1943



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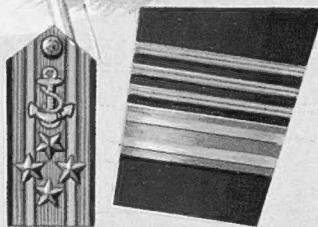
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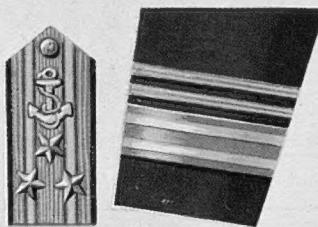
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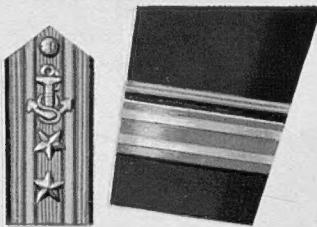
# How to recognise Rank in the UNITED STATES NAVY



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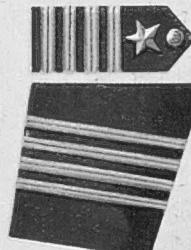
Vice Admiral



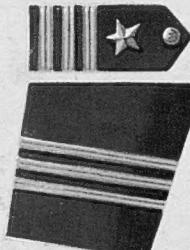
Rear Admiral



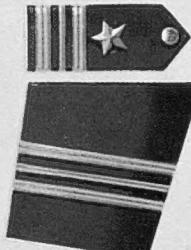
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Captain



Commander



Lieutenant Commander



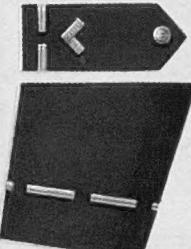
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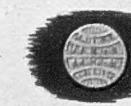
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LONDON  
ANUARY 6, 1943  
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Price :

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Vol. CLXVII. No. 2167

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Bertram Park

## The Hon. Lady Cunynghame Has a Son

A son and heir was born to Acting Squadron Leader Sir David Cunynghame, Bt., R.A.F., and the Hon. Lady Cunynghame on Christmas Day. The Cunynghames were married in 1941. Before her marriage, Lady Cunynghame, who is Lord Stanley of Alderley's second sister, was well known on the stage for nearly ten years, acting under her maiden name of Pamela Stanley. She played with great success the part of Queen Victoria in Laurence Housman's *Victoria Regina* some years ago. Since the war she has been doing Civil Defence work, and wears the uniform of the British Red Cross. Sir David Cunynghame's place near Grantham is Overleigh House, Buckminster



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Hitler's Dilemma

**D**ON'T let us make any mistakes about the situation in Russia. Hitler's position is really grave. He and his generals have been outwitted, outmanoeuvred, and they may be out-manned. Unless his generals and soldiers are capable of, and willing to make, a superhuman effort Hitler faces disaster in Russia. All the proud promises that he made last year that his German soldiers would never suffer again as they did last winter are being broken. The suffering of the soldiers is just as bad; it may yet be worse. All this is not altogether Hitler's fault. He planned very carefully. They were big-scale plans involving the construction of a vast railway network and special locomotives for winter use. The purpose was to ensure that the men at the front would not be short of supplies, and whatever comforts could be spared. They would not have to depend on the uncertainties of road or air transport. Everything would come to them by Hitler's new railways which were piercing their way into the very vitals of Russia. What has happened? Russian strategists watched and waited. They waited until the railways built by Hitler got far enough and the weather got cold enough and then they aimed at cutting these railways at every possible point. In this they have been very successful. Each Russian communiqué has announced the cutting of some railway or the occupation of some station until the strategy has become perfectly plain. Hitler's forces are being cut off from all hope of supplies and succour. This is where the big IF comes in. If Hitler has foreseen the Russian game in time and has been able to make other plans he still stands a chance of extricating himself. Should he fail to have any initiative left,

then anything can happen. There's a limit to what soldiers can withstand; and Hitler is not the only person in Germany who knows how the armies are faring in Russia. There are the generals, and those other people who have always risen to save Germany at the last moment. I repeat, that unless Hitler can produce a swift coup he's caught. He may be able to do something to tide him over this first real large-scale military crisis. But will that be sufficient against the rising morale of the Russian people, the lowering morale of the German people and the German Army, and against the creeping barrage of Allied Forces in Europe?

## Fate's Part

**A**DMIRAL DARLAN's death was so sudden and unexpected that it is natural for people to say that "Here's what fate has in store for turncoats and quislings. Here's a warning for anybody else in Europe who tries to play the game Darlan played." Surely no man caused such an emotional reaction—save Hitler—in this war as Darlan did in the last few weeks of his life. Anti-Darlanism swept into all the corners of the world. This emotion overshadowed all other reasoning; it became a peg for politicians to use for their attacks. It made people forget other leaders and politicians who have played with the common enemy as hard as Darlan ever did. Putting aside for the moment Darlan's personal ambition—and he had this in full measure—let us consider what lay at the bottom of his purpose. As an Englishman I should say Darlan was always thinking of France. If that be so, the question is why did he consort with the enemy? Because he imagined that this was the way to ensure the rise of France after the collapse of Britain.



Two at the Forum

Miss Mary Craig McGeachy, is the First Secretary at the British Embassy in the U.S. and our first woman diplomat. With her is Mr. Claude R. Wickard, the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture

This was one of Admiral Darlan's big blunders, but he can be excused this for so many others have made it. Admiral Darlan made other blunders, and from his death we should draw the lesson that statesmanship not only demands patriotism but also high and undeviating principles, courage as well as consistency, and, above all, faith.

## Man of Destiny

**I**S General Giraud France's man of destiny? General de Gaulle has revealed that the last fighting French Government in Paris had selected him to be Commander-in-Chief, but the Germans caught him, so General Weygand was brought from North Africa to fill the post. General Giraud was to have been High Commissioner in North Africa when the Allied



United Nations' Commanders at Admiral Darlan's Funeral

The funeral service for Admiral Darlan took place at the Cathedral of Algiers. It was attended by high officers of the allied forces and civil administration in French Africa. Above are: Admiral Cunningham, General Eisenhower, General Giraud, and General Yves Chatel (Governor-General of Algeria). Behind are Lieut.-General Clark and Mr. Robert Murphy, Mr. Roosevelt's special representative



British Visitors to China

Four members of the Houses of Parliament recently visited Chungking at the invitation of General Chiang Kai-shek. One of them, Mr. Jack Lawson, M.P. (centre), was photographed with Mme. Chiang, and Sir Horace Seymour, British Ambassador to China. General Chiang Kai-shek is seen just behind Mr. Lawson



*At the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the Herald-Tribune Forum Discusses a Post-War World*

*Mr. Henry J. Kaiser, president of the company bearing his name, whose shipyards have set up such magnificent records in ship construction, spoke at the Forum*



*In the audience was Miss Elsa Maxwell, authoress and famous pre-war hostess, and Mrs. William Woodward, president of the American Women's Volunteer Service*



*The Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, brother of the Queen, is head of the British Political Warfare Mission in the U.S. With him here is Mrs. Ogden Reid, publisher of the Herald-Tribune*

Forces landed, but Admiral Darlan happened to be there, so he got the job. It is true that General Giraud advised General Eisenhower to make Darlan High Commissioner. At a glance, General Giraud saw that his own name would not carry much weight with the French in North Africa, whereas Admiral Darlan could use Marshal Pétain's name freely. So General Giraud willingly took a back seat and accepted an Army command. General Giraud is described as being first and foremost a soldier, but I believe there was something of the statesman in him when he took this step. He foresaw that revival of French strength and pride must rest with the army; and that armed strength successfully used must eventually carry authority. This, then, was the task he set himself in North Africa. While Admiral Darlan received all the limelight, General Giraud was beginning the organisation of a new and strong French Army. He made his aim the training of 300,000 soldiers, and asked Britain and the United States for the necessary equipment. Then fate took a hand. Admiral Darlan was assassinated, and General Giraud had to fill the post he had previously declined. This was similar to the post he would have had two years before if the Germans had not taken him prisoner. But as in the last war, the Germans could not hold him. He escaped and returned to France. He saw Marshal Pétain, Laval, Darlan—all the Vichy men. But he also escaped acquiring any part or lot in their reputation. He stands before the world untarnished, a soldier with a bright, gleaming sword; a statesman in the making, for he has stuck to his principles and never lost his courage or faith.

#### *Old Friends*

**I**N the days before the war, General de Gaulle was aide-de-camp to General Giraud. This was some years before General de Gaulle gained a reputation for his advanced views on military mechanisation. The Germans were the first to appreciate General de Gaulle's vision. They studied his text-books with avidity, and did not hesitate to learn the lesson. In France, General de Gaulle had to wait until M. Reynaud came to political power before he received more than passing recognition. M. Reynaud took General de Gaulle out

of the field into his Government, but it was too late for anything to be done in France. Fired by Mr. Churchill's undying faith and matchless courage, General de Gaulle came to London to continue the fight for France. Now General de Gaulle is about to meet his former superior officer. Between them they are going to decide how best they can reunite all Frenchmen in the common cause. They are old friends, comrades. Both are men of proved worth, true patriots.

#### *Birthday Honours*

**T**HE list of New Year honours is the longest issued by the King since the war started. Every phase of national life is represented—including Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who becomes a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire—and every part of the Empire. The most striking development is the inclusion of a special honours list for Canada. Some years ago the Canadian Government decided against any Canadian receiving honours. If I remember rightly Mr. R. B. Bennett sought to reverse this decision, but whatever happened this is the first time that Canadians have received so many honours in the King's list. Most of them go to members of the Services, and it is interesting to note how many of the lower ranks are honoured.

The peerage conferred on Sir Roger Keyes will bring him many congratulations. It may be that Sir Roger will feel more at home in the stately atmosphere of the House of Lords, though he will be greatly missed from the House of Commons. He has contributed some fierce broadsides during Service debates which have been the more powerful because Sir Roger has never acquired the art of oratory. All his speeches have been matter-of-fact and sincerely delivered. Only the other day I was told that Sir Miles Lampson has done a big job in Cairo as our Ambassador. It has not always been plain sailing, and on one particular occasion, not so very long ago, he handled a delicate diplomatic situation with skill as well as force. Now he becomes a baron. His wife, by the way, is Italian by birth, being the daughter of Sir Aldo Castellani, the expert on tropical diseases, who lived and worked in this country until Italy entered the war, when he returned to Rome. The third and remaining barony

conferred by the King goes to Sir Charles Wilson, who is the Prime Minister's doctor. Sir Charles has accompanied Mr. Churchill on all his trips to the United States and, if I remember rightly, to Russia as well.

#### *King's Speech*

**T**HE wisdom of statesmanship, the vision and the promise in the King's Christmas broadcast would mean less to this troubled world if it had not been for the firm tones of confidence and sincerity. Undoubtedly it was the finest speech the King has ever made. It filled his people, high and low, rich and poor, with renewed hope and confidence. It was the speech of a wise leader speaking to those who are joined in a common cause whose victory becomes surer and nearer.



*Planning for the R.A.F.*

*Wing Commander G. P. Gibson, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, examines some aerial photographs with Group Captain "Gus" Walker, D.S.O., D.F.C., the Rugby international and one of the youngest Group Captains to be in charge of a station*

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Adult and Juvenile

By James Agate

OUT of the blue or the cellars of Studio One, which amounts to very much the same thing, comes *Derrière la Façade*, a small French film so good that it takes all Hollywood's monster productions between finger and thumb and puts them into a sack, which it then deposits in the Atlantic half-way between Hollywood and the port of entry into this country. I saw this film the day after I had seen the play called *Arsenic and Old Lace*, and was irresistibly driven to the conclusion that the French film is for the adult mind and the American play for the juvenile.

THE stage thriller has only one point to make, and it makes it over and over again. This point is that comicality which ensues when people "go off the handle." There are lots of examples of it in real life. Flowers of modesty who start swearing like troopers, lifelong celibates making beelines for establishments in which inhibitions are little rated, elderly vestals exhibiting a dexterity with the phial which would stagger the Brinvilliers herself—all these things are very funny, provided always that you think lunacy funny. As I sat watching this play I wondered whether it would not have afforded more adult entertainment if the author had shown us those seeds of rebellion lying perdu at the back of the most circumspect consciousness. How the nicest girls sometimes find themselves wishing they could swear like troopers, how pastors find their minds straying into the company of lost sheep for quite considerable distances, how old ladies straight out of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* are not so far from giving murder a

thought as they are generally supposed.

*Arsenic and Old Lace* says, in effect: See what absurd things people will do when they are mad. *Derrière la Façade* shows that there is an angle from which every one of us can be made out to be mad and, therefore, absurd. Entirely lacking in Hollywood boisterousness this brilliant picture is witty all the way through, from Elvire Popesco's eyebrows to Eric von Stroheim's toecaps. The story concerns a large block of apartments whose proprietress is found murdered in the lift. The investigating police are portentous and absurd, and as they raid the house each apartment reveals some little drama in its appropriate aspect of absurdity. There are more brains, elegance, wit and charm in a hundred feet of this film than in ten thousand feet sent over by Hollywood. It gets to work quickly, says all it has to say in an hour and a quarter, and then shuts up. There is a fine performance by Jules Berry, and the acting of Gaby Morlay, Gabriel Dorziat and Marguerite Moreno is outstanding. And I hope that these names include that of the really brilliant actress who plays the plain and neglected wife. The admirable production is by Yves Mirande. And now will Hollywood kindly grow up?

I SAY this because, judging from *For Me and My Gal*, which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are presenting at the Empire, this maturity has not yet come upon the American film world. When, O when, will Hollywood find a fresh, or half-fresh, or even a twenty-per-cent fresh

story? Here is that venerable tale once again about the girl in love with the boy who doesn't know it, and the boy carried away by a fine lady, and the fine lady who just accepts boy's flattery and doesn't care for the boy really, and of course there is the scene between Girl No. 1 (I love him) and Girl No. 2 (I don't love him), and equally of course the good and faithful No. 1 gets the boy in the end. Ever heard any of this before? Or of the setting in a music-hall, where Boy and Girl are partners in a song-and-dance act, and the fine lady is a music-hall singer who never appears without an obbligato of twenty pseudo-Magyar fiddlers, fifty steps to come down when she appears, singing of course, a dressing-room like that of an operatic diva, and a flat in which the champagne and bowls of caviare just lie about like ash-trays? This celebrity is portrayed by clever Marta Eggerth, who sings more high notes than I have heard for years, although the quality of the music she sings is not of quite so high a description, including as it does a long paraphrase of Strauss waltzes whose manifold variations and divagations put Godowsky's symphonic metamorphoses to shame.

THE action of the film takes place round about the last war, and I was amused to hear the woman sitting next to me say to her friend: "Doesn't that war seem terribly old-fashioned?" In a sense I suppose it was: the uniforms seemed so odd, and the songs seemed to have lost so much of their old grip and verve. But it was nice to see the dear old war once again, in which, I noted with satisfaction, the American Army played not only the chief, but as it seemed, the entire part. For I did not see or hear one British soldier anywhere: not even in the scenes laid in what used to be called Gay Paree. Well, well, well . . . if one may be permitted so daring a phrase.

I NOTED a player new to me, one Gene Kelly. To this young man I doff my hat and cry bravo. He can act, he has charm, he has personality. He has an arresting smile composite in its ingredients, being made up as to three-quarters of the early Godfrey Tearle and one quarter of our Noel when he is feeling pleased with the world. Our dear Judy Garland is his dancing-and-singing partner, the good and faithful violet who weeps and blushes unseen: and how good she is! She is no Venus, let us admit—but how delightful is her smile, how genuine her emotion, how sure her timing, and how brilliantly she brings off her effects with a ping, and often with a pong. And I liked Richard Quine as her brother, although his speaking part consists of about four sentences. An American Barkis, not that any of my younger readers will have the remotest idea of what I am alluding to.

Finally I would say that in this film, which plays for over two hours, there is great diversity of material. There is fun, pathos, slapstick, love, kisses, tears, the old smell of sawdust, and the old sound of wedding bells. You pays your money and you takes your choice. I paid no money, needless to say, but I happened on a dollop of good things.



Judy Garland has a New Partner in "For Me and My Gal" (Empire)

Judy Garland is once more in her familiar setting of a song-and-dance troupe touring in Vaudeville in the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film reviewed by James Agate above. Co-starring with her is a newcomer, Gene Kelly, who by his performance wins Mr. Agate's approval. The story is a familiar one, but provides adequate entertainment to while away a pleasant hour or more. Above (left) is a back-stage shot showing George Murphy, Marta Eggerth, Judy Garland and Gene Kelly. Right: Judy Garland and her new leading man, Gene Kelly



# Heroism and Hoo-ey

The Army in Action on "Wake Island" and at Play on "Seven Days' Leave"



Brian Donlevy and Macdonald Carey in "Wake Island"

*Wake Island* is an authentic record of the heroic and historic defence of this small Pacific island in the June of 1941 by some four hundred United States Marines. The intense and sustained enemy attacks by bombing, battleships and landing-parties are factually recorded. The material for the film has been taken from the Marine Corps' archives, and is directed by John Farrow, who has recently been awarded recognition in the directorial field for this work. The Marines fought to the last man. "They wrote history. Other fighting Americans—one hundred and forty millions of them—will exact a just and terrible vengeance."



The Japs' Invading Forces Advance Across the Beach



"There Are No Atheists in Foxholes." William Bendix and Robert Preston



"Seven Days' Leave" brings Mary Cortes and Arnold Stang together



Stars of "Seven Days' Leave" are Victor Mature and Lucille Ball

*Seven Days' Leave* is the lighter side of war. A certain American doughboy (Victor Mature) learns over the radio that he has inherited a large sum of money. He borrows from his friends to visit New York to collect the legacy. There he finds that under the terms of the will he must marry a beautiful socialite (Lucille Ball) before he can inherit. The adventures which follow before socialite succumbs to doughboy's charms fill in *Seven Days' Leave* with riotous excitement

# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## *Arsenic and Old Lace (Strand)*

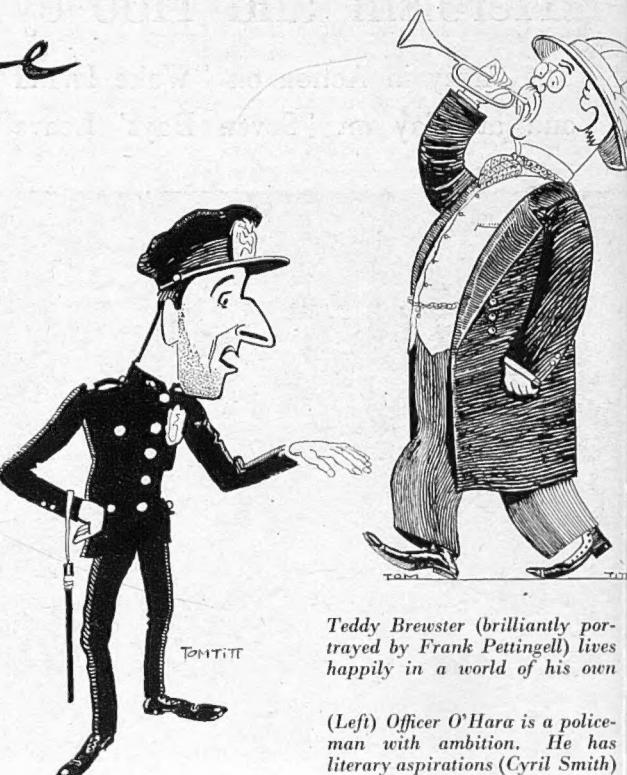
THOUGH poised to begin with somewhat perilously between the comic and the macabre, this ruthless comedy comes down so deftly on the side of the wicked burlesque that laughter, which might have been self-conscious or constrained, becomes both spontaneous and full-throated. Its theme is homicidal mania; its two most charming characters are active murderers who infallibly delight. These two charmers are Abby and Martha Brewster, elderly maiden ladies of otherwise unblemished character; and their pious mission is the helping of lame dogs over the stile of death. Gentle specialists in euthanasia, they practise only in special circumstances, and from motives of pure philanthropy.

The elderberry wine they dispense with such old-world charm has a kick in it. Such a kick as the Borgias might have envied. It makes a bull's-eye on the bucket as infallible as swift; and they make no secret of the recipe. Brewed from berries that grow in profusion in the churchyard next door, and generously laced with arsenic and strichnine, they add just a soupçon of prussic acid to make assurance trebly sure.

Their old-world courtesies do not stop at death, but include prompt but decent burial in the cellar of their ancestral home, and a funeral service, fully choral, that pays due deference to sectarian niceties. If the subject is

delectable cookies. Their old-world parlour (perfectly designed by Roger Furse) is a temple of all the social virtues, and they are its vestal, if lethal, virgins. True, their residential nephew, Teddy Brewster, is a bit queer; apt to confuse himself with Teddy Roosevelt, to mistake abruptly ejaculated military commands for tea-table conversation, to blow his own trumpet, and lick his teaspoon. These idiosyncrasies are taken for granted, and Mr. Frank Pettingell carries them off brilliantly. For Teddy, life is full of presidential duties, from sounding the charge to battle to digging the Panama Canal. For him the elderberry casualties are victims of yellow fever, to be interred without delay in the cellar, after a brief lying-in-state in the window-seat. He is his aunts' invaluable assistant.

Two other nephews they have of comfort and despair; Mortimer, a dramatic critic, who does know a hawk from a handsaw, and Jonathan, an incontinent homicide, who definitely does not. The only trouble Mortimer ever gave them was due to his professional calling, which included the risk of his having to see questionable plays. Jonathan, on the



Teddy Brewster (brilliantly portrayed by Frank Pettingell) lives happily in a world of his own

(Left) Officer O'Hara is a policeman with ambition. He has literary aspirations (Cyril Smith)

sublest, slyest strokes in the dramatist's impudent repertory.

SUCH then is the theme of this ruthless comedy. Its romantic relief is not allowed to queer the lethal pitch, nor are we tempted



(Left) The one member of the Brewster family who appears completely sane is dramatic critic Mortimer (Naunton Wayne). As his fiancée, Eileen Bennett makes her first appearance on the London stage

Sketches by  
Tom Titt

(Right) Two unwelcome visitors are Dr. Einstein (Martin Miller) and Jonathan Brewster (Edmund Willard). The two sisters (Lilian Braithwaite and Mary Jerrold) are forced by their arrival to postpone poor Mr. Hoskins's funeral rites



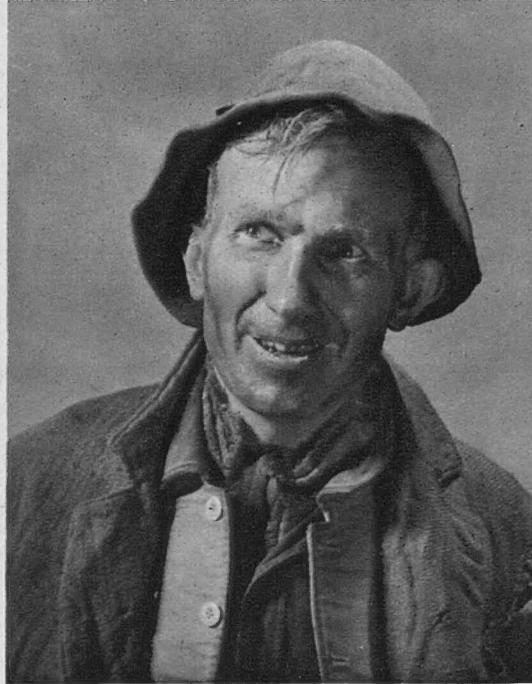
of the Baptist persuasion, there is no risk of his being interred as an Episcopalian, or vice versa; for Abby and Martha (irresistibly substantiated by Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Miss Mary Jerrold) are not merely philanthropists, but experts in funerary rites. They choose their subjects with care. Elderly gentlemen without home ties, and with nothing but death to look forward to, are preferred; and for them is reserved the elderberry issue out of all their afflictions. It is euthanasia without tears.

IN all ways but this, Abby and Martha are models of decorum. The vicar often drops in to sing their praises and overeat their

other hand, was trouble personified; for he was a bully. And when he turns up late one night, looking like the wrath to come and behaving as such, both Abby and Martha are terrified. He is fresh from homicidal globetrotting, has the body of his latest kill still reeking in the dickey of his car, and claims a grave for it in the cellar reserved for the elite.

Poor Abby, poor Martha. He hectors and threatens like an over-wrought lion-tamer, and we like him less and less. He coarsens the nuances of this lethal fantasia into something like the stygian shades of conventional melodrama; whereas Mortimer, like his aunts themselves, does perfect justice to the lightest,

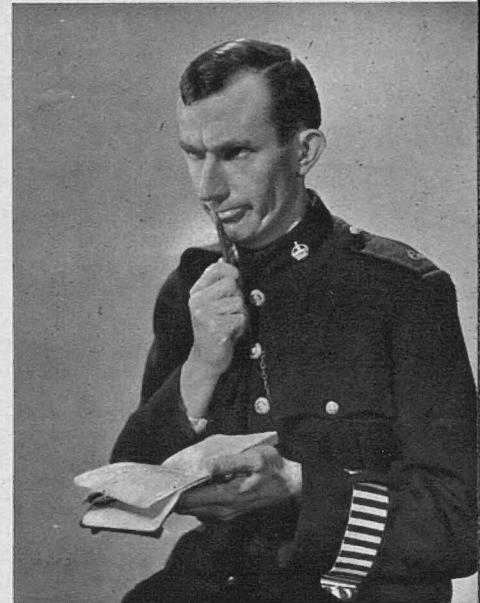
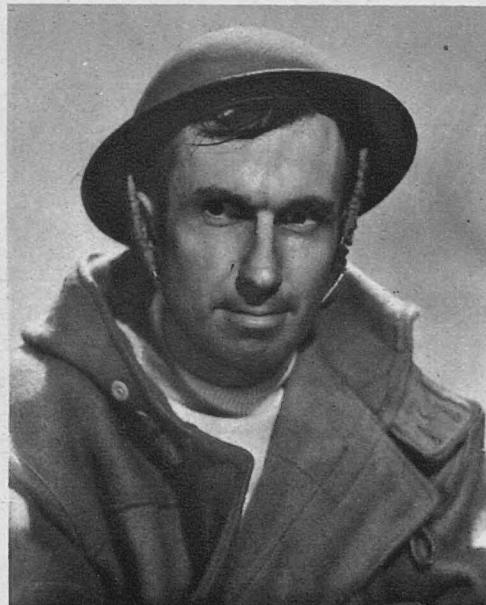
to grieve over its clutch of corpses. Mr. Edmund Willard makes Jonathan a heavyweight monster; Mr. Naunton Wayne is an irresistibly wayward Mortimer. And as long as Abby and Martha, gloriously played by Miss Braithwaite and Miss Jerrold, are planning fresh kills, or patiently explaining to the shocked Mortimer, in terms suited to the advocacy of, say, missions to the heathen, or the R.S.P.C.A., what mere lawyers define as murder, all goes merrily as marriage bells. Laugh?—I thought some of my first-night neighbours would have died, so responsive were they to the risible appeal of one of the coolest, most cleverly audacious comedies America has sent us for some time.

*The Bandsman in Diversion No. 1**The Farm Labourer in Diversion No. 2**The Chatelaine of Shottery—or Female Impersonation**Bernard Miles—as He is*

## Here's Versatility

Bernard Miles—as He is, and as He Appears to be on Stage and Screen

Bernard Miles is a man of many parts and strong convictions. He has great faith in the power of the cinema. "It is," he says, "the most important of all the arts at the moment, because it reaches the most millions; it is therefore the most influential for the good of mankind; it has a great part to play in the rebuilding of the world, for it has the power to instil hope and courage, decency and tolerance. Its aim must be to delight and to instruct." Bernard Miles's great ambition is to write, direct and act for the cinema. "When I can do that," he says, "I shall hope to take a little time off each year to play the great Shakespearean parts on the legitimate stage." His first attempt at combining the triple roles of author, director and star will be seen shortly when *Tawny Pipit*, the first full-length out-of-doors film, is shown. This is a film of the English country-side and bird life in which Bernard Miles will appear as the somewhat peppery retired Indian Army colonel. He has already some experience of scenario writing, for, with Jeffrey Dell, he is responsible for the film adaptation of *Thunder Rock*

*The Policeman in "Quiet Wedding"**The Mate in "The Big Blockade"**C/P/O. Hardy in "In Which We Serve"**John Vickers  
Iago in Shakespeare's "Othello"*

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Royal Christmas

THE King's speech on Christmas Day, which was transmitted throughout the Empire and the U.S.A., was universally hailed as one of the finest he has yet made. Enabled by the vast improvement in the position of the Allied Nations since he last spoke to paint a much happier picture than he could in his broadcast after the gloomy events at the beginning of 1942, the King spoke with more confidence and strength than he has previously done, and public appreciation of his speech was widespread. The congratulatory message from Mr. Churchill gave His Majesty great pleasure, for he makes no secret of his deep and sincere admiration of the Prime Minister's magnificent abilities as an orator.

The Queen and the two Princesses listened to the speech in another part of the country house where they were all staying. Princess Elizabeth was the guest of honour at several private dances over the holidays. She is an excellent dancer and was partnered by a number of young officers in the Guards and other regiments stationed near by. Quite possibly, the King and Queen may give one or two small dances for their daughters in the spring. Unfortunately, the Palace ballroom will not be able to be used, for it is out of action for the duration.

One of Her Majesty's Christmas gifts was a beautiful outfit of clothing for a Portsmouth baby, Margaret Rose Colenutt, whose father, a sailor on active service, has never seen her and whose mother is dead. Lady Little, wife of Portsmouth's C-in-C., presented the royal gift to the baby's two grandmothers, Mrs. Colenutt and Mrs. Poyer.

### Christmas at Drumlanrig

THE Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch are up at their Scottish home, Drumlanrig Castle, where they spend most of their time, with but an occasional night or so at their house in

Grosvenor Place. Although most of this large London house is turned over to the activities of "Caledonia," they still have some rooms for their own use. "Caledonia" takes up the ground and first floors and basement, and there the Association of Scottish Societies in London provides meals and amusements as well as a certain amount of sleeping accommodation for Scottish soldiers. It is essentially a masculine affair, and women are only allowed in for the Saturday night dances.

There could not be much of a family reunion at Drumlanrig for the Yuletide season, as the eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Scott, is stationed at Chatham, where she is a signaller in the W.R.N.S. When I saw her the other day she was the possessor of a truly fine specimen of a black eye. This was due to an involuntary and sudden association with a lamp-post in the black-out. The son and heir, the nineteen-year-old, red-headed Earl of Dalkeith, is a sailor and now on the high seas, so the only remaining one at home is young Lady Caroline, who is fifteen. Drumlanrig Castle is a very imposing and historic building. Guests find much to admire, and even luncheon visitors are usually shown the bedroom in which Bonnie Prince Charlie slept on his return from his raid into England in '45. This room is panelled, but an immense tapestry covers two of the walls. As it is a corner room, the views from the windows looking out on to the hills are magnificent.

### Strange Sights

IF one had suddenly returned to London before Christmas after a long absence, one would have thought a great many grown-ups had gone crackers or were having a second childhood. No toys were wrapped in the shops, and parents, grandparents, aunts and even uncles were forced to carry the most weird-looking packages. I saw one elderly gentleman, who, I am sure, is treated with the greatest awe and respect in



In the W.A.A.F.

The Hon. Molly Angela Cayzer, Lord and Lady Rotherwick's younger daughter, is an A/S/O. in the W.A.A.F. She has two brothers, both in The Royal Scots Greys, serving abroad

clubland, carrying a huge, blonde-haired, pink-faced doll along Piccadilly. A granny, most immaculately dressed and smiling broadly over her purchases, got into a taxi outside Harrods with a large stuffed dog, a battleship, and an elephant made in shiny American cloth, green with black spots, in her arms. In Fortnum's a young mother sat down to have a cup of coffee, with a large wooden soldier, in the scarlet Guards uniform complete with busby, standing on the chair beside her, and many people sitting around had toys on their laps.

Christmas shopping this year has been very limited indeed and confined practically entirely to the children. One morning I ran into Mrs. Tony Bellyville, who was hunting the shops to see what she could find for the young members of her family. Not only had she got to do her own shopping, but the day before she had received a cable from her brother in Newfoundland asking her to buy all his Christmas presents for the family too, so she had a big job to get through.

### Last-Minute Shoppers

CONSTANCE, DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER was hurrying along Bond Street in her grey Y.M.C.A. uniform. A little further on I caught sight of tall Lady Juliet Duff, who also looks tremendously smart in her uniform. Her very tall son, Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, who has been acting lately as Liaison Officer to the U.S. Forces in this country, used always to have a big house-party for Christmas in his lovely home, Vaynol, in North Wales. Flight Lieutenant William Teeling, M.P., was walking in Grosvenor Square, and there also I saw Princess Alexandra of Greece, hatless, her lovely dark hair held in place by two combs, with her mother, Princess Aspasia. They have a flat in one of the modern blocks in this square. Another walker was Mrs. Lionel Neame, an umbrella tucked under her arm in distrust of the lovely morning brightness. Later I met Lady Cunard, whom everyone is so delighted to see about in London again after her return from America. She was going to the first night of *Arsenic and Old Lace*, the very amusing American play-farce at the Strand. In pre-war days, Lady Cunard's parties at her lovely home in Grosvenor Square were famous. She is a great patron of music.

Visitors to London have included Mrs. Frank Wallace, whose husband was appointed Deer Control Officer for Scotland in 1939—an important job from the food point of view, too, in wartime. Mr. Wallace is a great authority on deer, deer-stalking and, in fact, all matters concerning big game. He has written several



A Recent Wedding in Perthshire

Captain Herbrand Dawson, The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and Miss Grizelda Richmond, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. G. M. Richmond, of Kincairney House, Murthly, Perthshire, were married at Birnam Church a short time before Christmas

Miss Elizabeth Richmond, the bride's youngest sister, was a bridesmaid, and she and Viscount Stormont, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield's only son, refreshed themselves at the reception





### A Christmas Wedding

Sir Arthur Hay, Bt., and Mrs. Anne Waymouth were married in London on December 22nd. She is the daughter of the late Admiral Aubrey Lambert, and Sir Arthur is Deputy Rescue Officer, Civil Defence, for Chelsea

books on the subject. Mrs. Wallace has been working hard through this war, farming at their lovely home in Staffordshire. She told me their only son, Hamish, left Eton this term and goes straight to a training regiment and then into the Scots Guards. Her daughter, Anne, has volunteered for the W.R.N.S.

### Welcome for a Survivor

VANCY, LADY VIVIAN was in town just before Christmas, and very relieved to meet her only son, the Hon. Douglas Vivian, on his safe return after his ship had been torpedoed and sunk. He was in the water for a long time before being rescued. His sister, Vanda, and brother-in-law, Major Bridgewater, had also come up for the night to welcome him home, so Lady Vivian had quite a little family party.

### Young Volunteer

MISS DOMINI LAWRENCE, though only seven-teen and a half, is already in the F.A.N.Y. This is not very surprising, as her mother, Viscountess Hailsham, has for long been a leading light in that important organisation. Lady Hailsham, who is a real hard worker, does not find the days long enough for all she wants to do, for she is C.O. of the training centre at her home at Middleton Cheney. About once a month Lady Hailsham manages to come to London to the F.A.N.Y. headquarters and for committees in connection with the girls' school of which she is vice-president. She was, however, able to fit in a flying visit for the christening of the baby son of Wing Commander Edwards, V.C., and his wife, who was given the names of Anthony Hugh, at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. Mrs. Edwards is a special friend of Lady Hailsham, who gave a coming-out dance for her and presented her at Court. Her sister, Mrs. Petrie, is still censoring in Bermuda, where she has been since the early blitz period.

### Wedding at Christ Church, Down Street

THE marriage of Mr. Walter Luttrell, 15th/19th Hussars, to Miss Hermione Gunston brought a large number of relatives and friends to Christ Church, Down Street, where there was a morning ceremony, followed by a reception at Curzon House. Miss Gunston, who was given away by her uncle, Sir Derek Gunston, wore a frock of heavy white satin and a lovely lace train, lent by her future mother-in-law. There were two child bridesmaids, one being Sonia Gunston (the bride's sister) and the other the groom's sister, Penelope Luttrell. There was quite a Christmasy air about their appearance, for with long white frocks they wore wreaths of holly, and their bouquets were of red carnations and silvered holly-leaves.

Lady Doris and her sister, Lady Ursula Horne, were in black. Lady Weigall, discarding her wheeled chair apparently for good, was there with Sir Archibald, and others were the good-looking, fair-haired wife of the Swiss Minister; Lady Burney; Mrs. Oliver Hoare; Lady Moncreiffe and her daughter, Elizabeth; Lady Hamond-Graeme and her husband; the almost inseparable sisters, Mrs. Robert Grimston and Miss Rosie Newman; and Mrs. Ralph Casenove.

### Round and About

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, a magnificent spectacle in khaki, stalked through London, rosy and genial, like the spirit of old English



### A Royal Doll

Princess Irene Obolensky and Lady Mitchell, chairman of the exhibition committee of the bazaar in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, admired the doll presented for sale by the Queen

Yuletide. Sisters-in-law lunching out were Mrs. James Gault and Mrs. Hamilton Gault. The latter, very neat and attractive in a cherry-coloured turban, was Miss Dorothy Shuckburgh, a qualified pilot, who flew her own plane all over Europe before the war, is a brilliant horsewoman and also a talented amateur sculptress. Colonel Hamilton Gault is a Canadian, and in the last war raised and commanded Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. Unfortunately, he is now in hospital with a broken leg. Their country home is Hatch Court, in Somerset. A last-minute shopper was Mrs. Philip Kindersley, with her schoolboy son by her former marriage to Lord Brougham and Vaux. Mr. Tony Wertheimer was a little gloomy about his impending departure to a job in Yorkshire. Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, hatless and

(Concluded on page 24)



### A Christening in the Crypt Chapel of the Houses of Parliament

Jeanne Louie Irena Crosland Graham, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Alan Graham, had six godparents at her christening. In the picture are Major Szumowski (Polish Army), Mrs. Cumine Russell, Viscount Clive, Mme. Szumowski, Lady Monkswell (proxy for Lady Lucas), Miss Monkhouse (proxy for Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, in South Africa)



The baby, in her nurse's arms, was photographed with her parents, Captain Alan Graham, M.P. for Wirral Division of Cheshire, and Mrs. Graham, formerly Miss Marion Du Plessis, of Cape Town

## Five Engagements



Lady Diana Stuart Wortley is to marry Wing Cdr. Hugh Spence Lisle Dundas, D.F.C. Lady Diana, who is the twenty-two-year-old daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, of Wortley Hall, is a member of the M.T.C. Her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dundas, of Cawthorne, Yorks, and is related to the Marquis of Zetland and to Lord Halifax



Harlip

### Prince Emanuel Galitzine and Miss Rhodes

The engagement of Prince Emanuel Galitzine, R.A.F.V.R., and Miss Gwendoline Rhodes was announced last month. Prince Emanuel is the youngest son of Prince Vladimir Galitzine and of the late Princess Catherine Galitzine. Miss Rhodes is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Stanley Rhodes, of Donaghadee, County Down



Miss Vivian de Bertodano is to marry Captain Roland de Lacey Wheeler, Royal Ulster Rifles, only son of Mr. Roland Wheeler, O.B.E., and Mrs. Wheeler, of Churchtown, Lancs, and Gibraltar. Miss Bertodano is the youngest daughter of the late H. S. de Bertodano and Mrs. de Bertodano of Walton-on-Thames. She is a niece of the Marquis Del Moral



Miss Bettine Mayhew, who is a niece of Sir John and Lady Latta, has announced her engagement to Lt. Ronald John Robertson, D.S.C., R.A.N., elder son of the late Captain Donald John Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, of Melbourne. Miss Mayhew is the only daughter of Major Geoffrey Dixon Mayhew, J.P., of Bonehill Lodge, Tamworth, Staffordshire



Miss Audrey Lyttelton, second daughter of Lord and Lady Cobham, of Hagley Hall, Worcestershire, is to marry Mr. Cecil Douglas Ayrton Pullan, of the Colonial Administrative Service. Mr. Pullan is the only son of Mr. A. G. P. Pullan (late of the Indian Civil Service) and Mrs. Pullan, of Wellington Court, St. John's Wood

Harlip



Viscountess Eldon and Her Two Sons

## Mothers and Sons

In and Out of Doors

Lady Eldon is one of Lt.-Col. Lord Lovat's two sisters. She is a Commandant in the Red Cross and deeply interested in the Hampshire Youth Movement. The Eldons' home is at Ropley Manor, and here this photograph of Lady Eldon and her two sons, John, Viscount Encombe, and Simon Peter, was taken in the autumn sunshine recently. The Earl of Eldon is one of his Majesty's Lords-in-Waiting

Photographs by Swaebe



The Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone and Henry Neil

William Henry Neil was born on August 11th last. His mother, the former Miss Alicia Evelyn Browne, is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Kilmaine, and was married to Lt.-Cdr. Edward Edmonstone, R.N., second son of Sir Archibald Edmonstone, in 1936. They have one daughter, Helen Antonia, born in October 1937. The Edmonstones' home is at Madgehole Farm, Shamley Green



The Marchioness of Tavistock and Young Lord Howland

The Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock have recently moved into a house in Wilton Street, S.W., after spending some considerable time at their country home, Pink Cottage, Chalkhouse Green. Their son, Lord Howland, was born at the Ritz Hotel in 1940, and will celebrate his third birthday on the 21st of this month. He is the Duke of Bedford's grandson. Lord Tavistock, who is a godson of Lord Beaverbrook, is taking up journalism. He has unfortunately been invalidated out of the Guards

# Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another  
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

RECENT shelling of Curaçao (Dutch West Indies) by a U-boat reminds us that we recently saw a bottle of curaçoa costing under £10. The lowest current quotation for this agreeable tipple would interest and surprise George IV., who won the battle of Waterloo on it, or thought he did.

Official or Whig English history is such a mass of technicoloured folklore that we never understand why the historians dismiss George IV.'s firm line about Waterloo as an hallucination. You'd think some of those boys—Froude, for example—had had a whack at the curaçoa themselves before seizing their inspired pens. Moreover George's whimsy hurt nobody. Little Big Business men who turn into Napoleon after luncheon do a lot of harm, tweaking the ears of their serfs, bullying and firing them with great cruelty, and being very often odiously rude to women. The First Gentleman of Europe was merely of opinion that he had led a charge of Highlanders with great personal gallantry, knocked the French bowlegged, and won the day for England. It took him a fair amount of curaçoa to get that way, also.

#### Dreamers

ITS effect is always colourful and romantic, apparently. A doctor in New York once told us of a lady who, after a session of curaçoa, invariably thought she was Wendy Darling and tried to fly through the window

over the treetops of Central Park to the Never-Never Land, where the fairies were beckoning her. Once she nearly succeeded; fortunately the party was on the ground-floor. The ground-floor, as Clément Vautel once observed, speaking as a seasoned flat-dweller, is the floor from which gentlemen in a quandary never by any chance throw their wives. Maybe after a crack or two at the curaçoa they'd do so, believing it to be the tenth.

#### Chums

NOW that the unspeakable, to quote Wilde, is not so actively in pursuit of the uneatable, foxes are beginning to show great insolence and disdain.

In Yorkshire they've finished up the rabbits and have begun attacking sheep, we read. In the South they walk past you quite coolly: we met one recently in a wood, a fine glossy red fellow with a superb brush, pacing along with humiliating nonchalance and not knowing us. Missing their natural playmates, the leathery women and the purple thrusters who make the countryside ring with hoots and yells and violence and abuse, foxes seem to have decided (like their buddies in pink) that nobody on foot exists. What shooting of pheasants there is nowadays they regard probably as a damned presumption. Henroosts down our way they take in their stride, like the Army when on manoeuvres some time ago on the Montgomery Plan. The intermittent scramblings



"Calling FF for Freddie . . ."

of what remains of our local Hunt probably make them giggle like a Brains Trust.

If the war goes on long enough we predict this vulpine swagger will cease. Longing for those congested, mottled pans he used to romp with, Mus' Reynolds (as ancestral hayseeds still call him in the South) may begin seriously to mope and neglect the farmyards. If this is a novelty in a fox's life, what about the shock to a hunting man of discovering that somebody loves him?

#### Handout

GENERALLY the discovery of a new B.B.C. star is broken to the world via Fleet Street something like this:

Less than a week ago charming fair-haired 17-year-old Ivy Poodle, of 18B Gollancz Avenue, Totham, was a scug-riveter in a big South London scug factory. Bending over her scug-riveting lathe Tuesday afternoon Ivy was overheard by a B.B.C. talent scout reciting the multiplication-table. To-day Ivy is way up in the big money, rocketing right into the B.B.C. 30s.-a-week class, one of the rising song-stars of Bunk Buncombe's Voodoo Variety Hour!

The handout for a recent 10-year-old prodigy who imitates the Hollywood stars was less exciting, we observed, though the B.B.C. has been "literally flooded with telephone inquiries" from an eager Race. (This may be merely the consecrated technical formula common to the Press boys. When they say their desk is "literally piled" with ardently approving letters from the public they mean that all three they've had, so far, are fairly coherent.) The lower emotional key introducing the new star seems to us all to the good, for all concerned.

#### Chance

THE only infant prodigy in modern history, so far as we know, to reach maturity and still knock 'em being the pianist Solomon—it's a bit early to judge Menuhin, and most of our leading novelist boys and girls reach fourteen and disappointingly stay there—we needn't go

(Concluded on page 14)



"I think we ought to keep electricity in the house, though, dear, in case the candles should ever fail"

## At Home

Lady Coningham, Wife of the A.O.C.,  
Western Desert, with Her Son and Daughter



Jane-Mari Coningham, aided by her mother, writes a Christmas letter to her father, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham



Sir Howard Frank, Bt., Grenadier Guards, is Lady Coningham's elder son, and was staying with his mother and half-sister in Hampshire

These pictures of Lady Coningham with her son and daughter were taken at her country home in Hampshire. Lady Coningham was formerly Miss Muriel Nancy Brooks, and her first husband, Sir Howard Frank, Bt., died in 1932. The same year she married Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham. She has two sons by her first marriage, and a daughter, Jane-Mari, by her second. Her elder son, Sir Howard Frank, Bt., seen on this page, is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham has been A.O.C., Western Desert, since the offensive of last winter, and received a Knighthood in November 1942. He has had wide experience of desert air warfare, and has been described by the Prime Minister as a "redoubtable warrior"



In the drawing-room: Lady Coningham with her son and daughter, and Belinda Crossley, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Crossley



A younger sister is useful to help one off with one's boots. Jane-Mari performs this service for her brother

# Standing By...

(Continued)

sombre over the 10,000-to-one chance the average infant prodigy has of staying the course. The golden shores of artistic success are strewn with melancholy little bits of wreckage who needn't have dared the tempests and quicksands at all if Mumsie hadn't been such a fuss-pot. Incidentally we forgot our old master James ("Boss") Agate, who at the age of 5 was correcting Bernhardt's delivery of Racine, and is now correcting everybody's delivery of everything, including the morning milk. But cases of the kind (as the refrain of a noted Chesterton Ballade goes) are rare.

### Gesture

THROWN into a mild but agreeable stupor by a musical authority's remark, twice in six months, on the "democratic nature" of a certain famous British orchestra, we wonder still if those boys' fans are to be congratulated.

Most orchestras are necessarily a dictatorship. Under a truly "democratic" régime, no doubt, one of the oboes, a loud-voiced hectoring type, jumps up halfway through a symphony and waves his arms, at which everybody stops playing at once and this kind of conversation ensues between the oboe and the conductor, a weak type:

"Okay, Fishy, hold it. The boys have decided to take a vote on the Scherzo."

"What do you mean?"

"Playing it or ducking it. Solidarity, see?"

"You can't do that."

"Aw go cut yourself a slice of neck. . . . Well, boys, all in favour of ducking the Scherzo say 'Aye.' . . . The Ayes have it, Fishy."

The unfortunate conductor has nothing to say then but "Ladies and gentlemen, the boys have decided by a snap vote not to play the Scherzo, so this symphony, and this concert, is therefore at an end. Thank you." The orchestra has already packed up and left, the audience (such as are alive) stares dumbly at itself, and if you think this is wilful fantasy you aren't keeping up much with the busy little Left world-planning boys and girls, are you?

### Flop

SIR SAMUEL HOARE's recent visit to Barcelona to "make contact" with the British colony reminds us with a pang of pleasure that when we were last in that beautiful and least Spanish of Spanish cities it was packed with Catalan Separatists, Marxists, Communists, Trotskyists, P.O.U.M.-ists, Socialists, Syndicalists, Anarchists, Anarcho-Syndicalists, C.N.T.-ists, Nihilists, Surrealists, and a few more turbulent numbers, and buzzing like a hornets' nest on the boil. In the midst of which we overheard members of the British colony in one of the big cafés anxiously discussing the more urgent problem of bodyline bowling.

Yet their influence for good doesn't seem to have prevented a bloody upheaval, and maybe that West Country mayor who made the historic remark that if the Spaniards had only learned cricket there'd never have been a civil war was getting at them. Long before this, actually, those boys, who regularly observed the rites of cricket themselves, missed their chance. The citizens of Barcelona, according to Miguel de Unamuno, have always been notable for arrogance and avarice, as the citizens of Manchester used to be before the Old Trafford ground was made. A few sessions at the nets under expert tuition by the British colony would have made the Barcelonese as decent as the Mancunians now are, which is saying something.

For failing in this duty, the British colony in Barcelona, and maybe elsewhere in Europe, will one day have to answer at the bar of world-opinion, as our Ambassador has probably warned them. Ring up the M.C.C. and say Mumsie is cancelling her subscription to the Foreign Missions Dept.

### Cure

WHAT'S wrong with the average British poetry boy, a chap tells us who was at a recent Poets' Club meeting and surveyed the inspired pans all round with no great enthusiasm, is that he doesn't get enough suffering, which notoriously improves poets' style.



"Don't be alarmed, General—  
his aim is terrible"

If this implies that women should be hired to break the hearts of Poets' Club members, it is not a bad idea, at that. A critic once told us the reason Wordsworth wrote so many sonnets like an old sheep sneezing was that he romped round the

Lakes with a milk-faced chit like Lucy instead of some *femme fatale* like Catullus' Lesbia. He said if Lucy had only met a few sailors it might have made all the difference.

We've since made arrangements to spring a sensation on the booksy world, when peace comes, with the discovery of some documents showing that a lot of jolly sailors hung constantly round Dove Cottage, Grasmere, romping with Lucy, teaching her to drink, smoke, chew, dance, haul a rope, make ships in bottles, handle a cutlass and a Portsmouth fiddle (a kind of oak club), and fight Bristol or Wapping fashion, generally developing that baby's self-expression. An expert forger will work this into a hitherto undiscovered portion of Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal. E.g.:

Tuesday, 17th. June, 1803: Lucy's rough Naval friends plunged poor William's head in a keg of rumbo. Fearful scenes.

Friday, 20th. June: Merry hell at Dove Cottage. Lucy dancing jigs with Salt-Horse Mullins, Fred Oakes, Spotted Dick Vumbles, Nosey Willows, J. Smith, H. Smith, —— Watson, and other sailors whose names I did not catch. William quite distracted, neighing like mad.

### Footnote

MORE and more sailors arrive (apparently they got to know Wordsworth on that Calais trip), and eventually Lucy runs away to Jamaica with Salt-Horse Mullins, a gunner's mate in H.M. frigate Ludicrous, Capt. Rumbelow

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Normally, Trubshaw, old boy, we'd just be wanderin' round to the Berkeley from the Cavalry Club now"

## Helping to Win the War

### Five Women Who Work



**Mrs. Andrew Lloyd**  
The wife of Flying Officer Andrew Lloyd, of Aston Hall, Shropshire, and Rolls Park, Essex, is running a Y.M.C.A. canteen at one of her homes, while herself living in a cottage on the estate. Her husband is a nephew of the late Lieut. General Sir Francis Lloyd, G.O.C. London, during the last war



**Countess Sondes**  
Vice-President of the Red Cross in Kent, Lady Sondes is also a member of the W.V.S. She is a daughter of Colonel Herbert McDougall, of Cawston Manor, Norfolk, and her eldest sister is Princess Andrew of Russia. Earl Sondes, whom she married in 1939, is now serving abroad with the King's Royal Rifle Corps



*Bertram Park*

#### **Lady Brooke**

Lady Brooke was Vice-Chairman of the committee of the recent successful Christmas Fair, which raised nearly £5,000 for the Merchant Navy Comforts Service. Her husband, Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, K.C.V.O., is Groom-in-Waiting and Extra Equerry to the King and Treasurer to the Queen



#### **Lady Rathdonnell**

The wife of Captain Lord Rathdonnell, of Lisnavagh, Co. Carlow, is a Third Officer in the W.R.N.S. Before her marriage she was Miss Pamela Drew, daughter of the late Mr. John Malcolm Drew, and is a talented artist. Lord Rathdonnell is in the 15th/19th Hussars

Photographs by  
Harlip



#### **The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Kindersley**

The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Kindersley runs a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen in Kent, where her home is Ramhurst Manor, near Tonbridge. Her husband, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Hugh Kindersley, M.B.E., M.C., is Lord Kindersley's eldest son, and is in the Scots Guards

“I Am Not, and Never  
I Am a Taster, Not a Schill  
Hinc Quam Sit Calas



“I am nothing if not critical,” says *Othello*. The words might be repeated by James Agate at the theatre



Encouragement for the young who show talent and discouragement of those who have none, are two of Mr. Agate's hobbies. Here he is with Alexis Kligerman, the twenty-two-year-old Russian pianist discovered by Mr. Agate playing in a suburban theatre



At one time James Agate kept a stud. His ponies\* were shown all over the country. Ego won the Dublin Horse Show Championship in 1936. Reminders of prize-winning favourites decorate the walls of the study

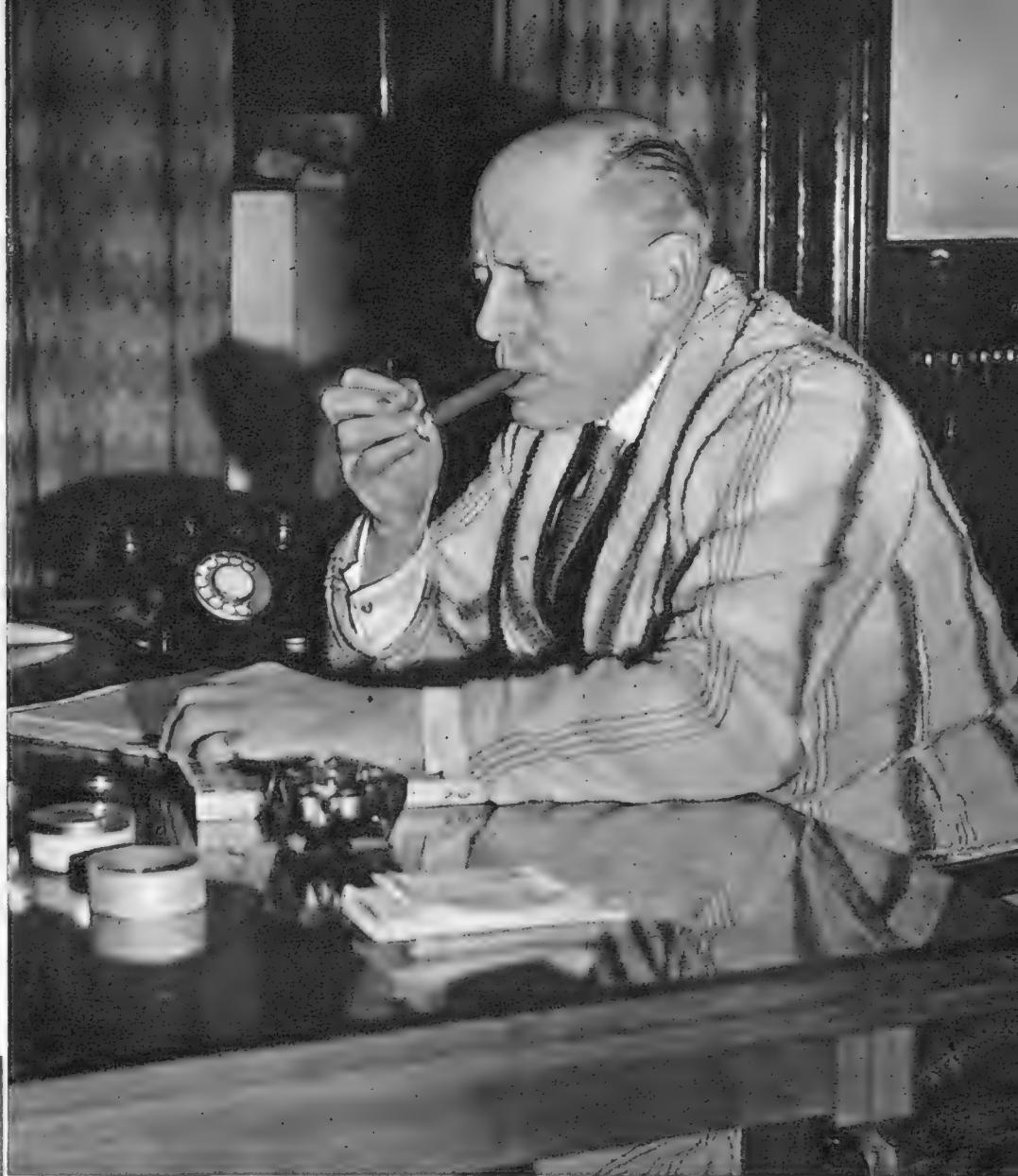


Old photographs are another reminder of past glories of the turf. For forty years or more, horses have been the abiding interest in the Agate household. It is the one subject which never tires

have Been, a Critic;  
Master Allotting Marks'"  
Sævior Ense Patet

JAMES AGATE was born in Manchester in 1877. His father was a cotton manufacturer and his mother an accomplished pianist who had studied in Heidelberg under Heinefetter, a pupil of Chopin. James and a younger brother, Edward, were brought up in a musical atmosphere, and in both of them a deep-rooted love of music developed. Edward, in fact, later became a member of the Beecham orchestra, and when he died recently was described as "Manchester's most musical son." Almost by accident, James became a man of letters. A Manchester paper published his critical notice of the Christmas pantomime, after which he joined that paper's staff as its dramatic critic. Since the last war, his life has moved in a circle of actors, horses, musicians and grooms, in a setting of theatre stalls and horse-boxes. Any fool can be a dramatic critic, he is fond of declaring, but it takes an artist to judge a horse

Photographs by  
Pictorial Press



"Devise, wit! Write, pen! For I am for whole volumes in folio"



A copy of "L'Aurore," in which Zola's famous letter appeared in 1898 during the hearing of the Dreyfus case, hangs on the library wall.



One of James Agate's treasured possessions is a bronze head of Sarah Bernhardt. It is an inkstand and was given by Sarah to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, later to be bought by Sybil Carlisle and presented to Mr. Agate (see "Ego 5")



## Balloon at Sea

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Balloons are flown from "water-borne" vessels (ex-yachts, devoid of masts and spars) over sounds and other sheltered waters to protect harbours and dockyards. R.N.V.R. ratings or old yachtsmen as crew provide half the personnel, the remainder are R.A.F. men, who are responsible for the balloons and wireless communication with the shore. They live comfortably, and get twenty-four hours' shore-leave every week. This picture records an actual incident. Receiving an order to haul down his balloon, the gallant corporal in charge got into his winch, started his engine and then observed a naval launch coming alongside manned by Wrens. Chivalrously leaving the winch, he sprang forward to rake a rope. The launch stuck her nose into the side of the barrage vessel and swung her stern out. At this stage of a minor crisis the balloon came right down to the leading-off gear, and as the launch's propeller got more and more involved with the rope, and things began to happen to the engine, it then broke away. Curtain

## On Active Service



*D. R. Stuart*  
**Officers of a Fleet Air Arm Squadron**

Front row: 2nd Lieut. Tritton, D.S.C., 2nd Lieut. Richards, Lieut. Friere-Marreco, Lieut. Humphries, G.C., Miss Doreen Lisle, W.R.N.S., Capt. Harris, D.S.C., Royal Marines, 2nd Lieut. Flocks, Lieut. Stavely. Back row: Lieuts. Fraser, Hoart, Cardewell, 2nd Lieut. Spedding, 2nd Lieut. Shepherd, Lieut. Kneale

Right: front row—Lt. T. G. Lumb, Lt. B. H. Jeanes, Capt. R. ff Trevor Roper, Capt. J. F. H. Hudson, M.C., Major M. C. Pulford, M.C., the Commanding Officer, Major F. F. Gregory, Capt. S. J. R. Macnamara, J. A. Pritchard (Adj't.), B. Wilson, R. M. Porter. Centre row: 2nd Lts. R. I. Latta, F. Majdalany, M. F. Kissane, R. F. Studd, N. A. Critchley, K. W. F. Clark, E. Greenwood, I. O. Arthur, Capt. J. Griffin (Chaplain). Back row: 2nd Lt. F. J. Collett, Capt. F. J. W. Hooper, R.A.M.C. (Medical Officer), 2nd Lts. W. S. Cook, K. F. Morrill, E. R. Nicholas, T. G. K. Bishop, J. E. Morrill, R. Smith, A. P. Watson, G.M.



*D. R. Stuart*  
**Instructors at a Royal Naval Air Station**

Front row: Lts. Boulding, King, S. Penoyre, Lt. Cdr. S. Turner, Lts. Abrams, S. Dundas, Sharp. Back row: Lts. Slee, Stenning, Williams, 2nd Lt. Coxon, Lt. Garthwaite, 2nd Lt. Kerrison, Lt. Rawson



*D. R. Stuart*  
**Officers of a Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers Somewhere in England**



*D. R. Stuart*  
**An R.A.F. Group H.Q. Somewhere in the North**

Front row: S/Ldr. W. J. Amlot, S/Ldr. R. C. Collinson, Wing Cdr. J. F. Hart, D.F.C., Air/Cdre. P. L. Lincoln, D.S.O., M.C., Wing Cdr. R. L. Richmond, S/Ldr. R. W. Kerr, S/Ldr. P. A. V. Charlesworth. Second row: S/O. L. E. Swatton, F/Lt. R. E. Pearnund, A/S/O. L. E. Colledge, S/Ldr. J. S. Steven, S/O. C. S. P. Logan, S/Ldr. J. Bailey, A/S/O. D. Deall, F/Lt. R. R. Piggott, A/S/O. E. W. Anderson. Back row: F/Lt. F. F. Brotherton, S/Ldr. N. W. Slack, F/Lts. C. H. Badgerley, L. M. Cooper, D.S.M., F/O. N. L. Parlett, F/Lt. W. M. Pratt



*H. L. Kettle*  
**Officers of the Lothians and Border Yeomanry**

Front row: Capt. R. M. Robertson, Majors C. C. Dove-Wilson, C. J. Y. Dallmeyer, the Commanding Officer, Capt. G. E. Taylor, Majors R. K. Watson, R. de C. Vigors. Second row: Capt. G. L. Johnston, J. L. H. R. Miller, L. J. S. Sim, W. B. Syme, Rev. D. C. Orr, D. R. R. Pocock, J. R. C. Miller, J. D. Henderson, J. S. Campbell. Third row: Lts. M. J. L. Stevenson, J. W. Scott, Lt.-Q.M. E. G. Howe, Lts. C. W. Kent, A. J. P. Scott, E. C. Bousfield, E. S. Browne, D. J. H. Vass, E. C. Harley. Back row: 2nd Lts. H. Smart, A. K. Waterson, Lts. J. F. Yule, J. Watson, H. W. Robb, F. M. Hepburne-Scott, D. A. D. Jamieson, N. W. A. Tod

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## "Courage Beyond Praise"

WHEN Esmonde's torpedo-bomber squadron (No. 825) went into the attack on those German battle-cruisers, to which certain unobservant Gentlemen in Brest whose business it was to keep their eyes skinned gave fifteen hours' start, every single man in the command knew that he was going to certain death, yet they went in, and both the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were hit, and had to be docked, and the Prinz Eugen may also have been hit, and, anyway, she was later on. Of the eighteen men in the squadron, only three survived, and Lieut.-Commander Esmonde was not one of them. He was given a posthumous V.C., and he still commands that gallant squadron, for a spirit like his does not die. It was of this exploit that the Prime Minister said: "Theirs was the courage which is beyond all praise." It is the simple truth, and those words are now incorporated in the crest of the squadron. Before this Scharnhorst-Gneisenau action, Esmonde had led the squadron in the operations against the Bismarck when it was operating from H.M.S. Ark Royal; for this he got the D.S.O.; the squadron saw service from H.M.S. Glorious in the Norwegian campaign, and operated under Coastal Command in the epic of Dunkirk. Squadron 825 was originally formed in Malta in 1936, a fitting birthplace. It is now in its third reincarnation, and is commanded by an officer—Lieut.-Commander A. S. Keane, R.N.—who will, we know, worthily uphold its imperishable glory.

## "The Tigers"

HOW valiantly have they lived up to their regimental nickname! And yet the identity of this county regiment (Hampshires) was so heavily camouflaged by the imparter of military information that it was only some time after that gallant happening at Tebourba on November 29th that the public was permitted to know anything beyond that some British regiment had distinguished itself. At that time, secrecy was no doubt desirable, for mention

of even one unit may give away a whole Corps; but now may we not know something more than that it was "a battalion of the Hampshire Regiment"; that "a young company commander and five men" went through German tanks, destroying two, and then scattered the supporting enemy infantry with the bayonet; that "a last charge by all available forces, riflemen, cooks, clerks, was led by the Colonel, and the Germans were driven back in complete disorder," the odds being anything from 3-to-1 against upwards? The patient public would now like to be told: (a) which battalion—the Hun, of course, knows, and will have good reason to remember the number for keeps; (b) the names of that young company commander and the gallant five, for at present John Citizen knows less about them than he does about "the seven men of Moidart," another gallant band; and (c) the name of the Colonel who, as I believe, wounded, led that last charge which scattered the foe and went on almost into Tebourba. Surely these few little details would not now help even the most astute enemy. Every mother's son of these troops deserves the Cross (For Valour). What a thundering pity that Macaulay is dead.

## The Rose of Lancaster

THIS is the collar badge of the Hampshire Regiment, and it comes by it via Winchester City and Henry V. When the soldier-king was passing through our ancient capital en route to his port of embarkation (Southampton) to fight, first, the action of Harfleur, and then that of Agincourt, he conferred the rose on the city arms, and in due course it fittingly found its way on to the collars of this grand county regiment. It is a far cry from Agincourt (1415) to Tebourba (1942), but for those who believe in uncanny recurrences, the main features of the two operations may be of more than usual interest. Here are a few parallels: (1) Henry V.'s army was not in grand shape after Harfleur and the hard marching on the road to Calais; (2) the King was outnumbered at Agincourt by nearly five to one; (3) Agincourt was almost



Compton Collier

## A Wounded American

Private Harry Trager (centre) was the first U.S. patient at a Red Cross and St. John Orthopaedic Hospital in Derbyshire. With him here are Mrs. Leonard Hardy, Commandant of the Hospital, and Staff Sergeant Bradshaw, R.A.

exclusively an infantry battle; (4) D'Albret, Constable of France, had dismounted all his cavalry because he was afraid that his knights might be decimated when the English archers began to make his cavalry horses look like pin-cushions. The Constable only kept about a squadron mounted, and it had the thinnest of times, and ultimately was slain to a man; (5) the Germans at Tebourba did not manage to get many tanks into action, and the "young company commander" and his five did exactly the same to them as Henry's archers did to The Constable's cavalry, that is to say, they fair played the cat-and-banjo with them; (6) it was the last charge at Agincourt against The Constable's third heavy column by a mere handful of English troops which put the lid on the French. What did the last charge of the Hampshires at Tebourba do? The figures at Agincourt were: French 50,000; English, 15,000. How dare we say that there is nothing in that Rose of Lancaster!



A Rugby Football Match: the Army v. the United Hospitals

The Army Rugby XV, with five internationals, beat the United Hospitals at Richmond by 17 points to 8. Capt. Murdoch (Scotland) kicked two goals. Members of the team were, on the ground: Capt. J. Ellis, 2nd Lt. H. J. C. Rees. Front row: Lt. R. Crouch, Capt. A. L. Evans, Major H. A. Fry, Capt. R. E. Prescott (capt.), Capt. W. C. W. Murdoch, Lt. G. A. Turner, Capt. G. P. C. Vallance. Back row: R. Powell, J. Hornby, W. E. Tamplin, F. Jeffcoate, E. Ward, Lt. T. G. Jackson, Capt. H. A. Haig-Smith (Army and non-playing capt.)



D. R. Stuart

The United Hospitals, without T. A. Kemp (the ex-England captain), who was on his honeymoon, put up a good resistance to the Army team, largely owing to the good play of C. S. M. Stephen, the best scrum-half in the two sides. Players were, on ground: D. M. Strathie, N. O. Bennett. Front row: L. L. Bromley, A. W. Young, C. S. M. Stephen, M. R. Mullins (captain), B. W. T. Ritchie, R. L. Hall, J. H. Steeds. Back row: J. W. Twinning, A. B. Lee, J. P. Stephens, P. L. Lockton, A. G. Albers, J. C. Swanson, A. H. Evans

**On the Calcutta Front**

THE old commercial capital of India can hardly be said to have been given its baptism by fire by the Japanese nuisance bombers, for that event should be more correctly dated back to the time when Clive came marching home from the victorious field of Plassey, which is only just outside Calcutta's back garden. The nasty little yellow men could hardly have picked a more unwelcome moment from Calcutta's point of view, for just about now everything in the way of a Christmas "jolly" begins to happen: the big race-meetings, upon one day of which the King's Cup is run, and on another the Viceroy's Cup; polo tournaments, the big horse show at that pleasant spot the Tollygunge Club, and all sorts of other junketings. I am told that one of the chiefest adornments of Calcutta's "Newmarket Heath," that wonderful Maidan upon which are the racecourse, the polo grounds, golf clubs and parade grounds, the beautiful casuarina avenue which leads up to the race-course, has had to be sacrificed to the military needs of the situation. It is a terrible loss to the landscape! However, the yellow monkeys have bombed even the Shwe Dagon, the famous Golden Pagoda in Rangoon, so I suppose one ought not to be surprised at anything.

**A Viceroy's Cup Record**

BY winning the Viceroy's Cup, India's principal race, five times in the last six years, the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior's ten-year-old gelding, Finalist, has broken the record of another old gelding, the late Sir A. A. Apcar's Mayfowl, who won it three times outright and dead-heated for it upon one other occasion. Mayfowl's years were 1910, 1911, 1912 (dead-heat with Brogue) and 1913, and he also won a hurdle race called the Burdwan Cup upon two of these occasions, a couple of days before he won the Viceroy's Cup. This year's winner is very well known in England, and used to be trained by my friend Oswald Marmaduke Bell, who, of course, was for many years in India, where he had a good deal of success as a trainer and owner. I have always found that unsexed horses do much better in India than entirets or mares, and they last a lot longer. Mayfowl was a wiry old steed, Irish-bred, and was bought by the late General Sir E. Locke-Elliott for Sir A. A. Apcar for £500, and returned his price to his owner many times over. I cannot remember, but I think Mayfowl died in India when he was getting on for twenty-two years old. One time when he won the Cup in 1911, he put up the good time for the 1½ miles of 3 minutes

**Officers of a Naval Air Squadron**

No. 825 Squadron's fine record is told by "Sabretache" on page 20. Front row: 2nd Lts. G. Burns, I. J. Evans, Lt. F. Holmes, Sen. Obs., Lt.-Cdr. S. Keane, D.S.C., Commanding Officer, Lt. W. D. Winterbottom, Sen. Pilot, 2nd Lts. N. V. M. Coxon, M. G. O. Varley. Back row: Lt. G. Bennett, 2nd Lts. S. D. Timms, E. J. Ward, R. H. Teuten, P. S. Couch, P. R. House, Mid. H. J. Abraham

1, 1-5th seconds. This was not the record, for the fastest of which I have any note is Orange William's time of 2 minutes 59 2-5th seconds in 1923.

**Son of a Famous M.F.H.**

LORD APSLEY, whose death, killed in action, has been announced, was the son and heir of Lord Bathurst, Master of the V.W.H. (Bathurst's), and undoubtedly the most eminent living authority on the breeding of foxhounds. The deepest sympathy is felt by all who knew the deceased officer for Lady Apsley, Lord and Lady Bathurst and the family, all of whom are so well liked and well known in the West Country. In spite of the fact that when the present Lord Bathurst was up at The House the Dean suggested to his father, the late Lord Bathurst, that his son should find a more convenient hunting-box than Christ Church College, the whole family has always had a leaning towards "Letters." The present peer is the author of *The Breeding of Foxhounds* and *A Supplement to the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book*, which are

standard works; Lord Apsley, aided by his wife, wrote a very good book on settlers in Australia, *The Amateur Settler*, from personal experience; and many articles for *The Times*, etc.; and Lady Apsley, the former Miss Viola Meeking, is responsible for one of the most fascinating historical books on the chase, *Bridleways Through History*, with which Lord Apsley assisted her; and also of *To Whom the Goddess*, which she wrote in collaboration with Lady Diana Shaddan, who was a sister of the present Duke of Beaufort. Whenever politics, the Gloucestershire Yeomanry, aviation and the affairs of estate allowed him to do so, the late Lord Apsley, as was only natural, devoted himself to that best of all recipes for health, fox-hunting, and was, of course, very well known with his father's fine pack of hounds, and also with the Beaufort, their next-door neighbours. It would be strange if he had not known all that there is to know about the art and science of venery, and he also rode well, and occasionally, but only occasionally, performed in those rather breath-taking things called point-to-points.

**A Combined H.Q. Hockey Match: the Navy v. the R.A.F.**

A hockey match between the R.A.F. and Naval Staffs at a Combined Headquarters resulted in a victory of 5-1 for the Navy. Those taking part were, front row: Wing Cdrs. W. B. Frampton, P. K. Stead, G/Capt. E. D. H. Davies, Air Vice-Marshal B. E. Baker, Admiral Sir George D'Oyly-Lyon (referee), C. D. R. Taylor, Capt. Linzee, Pay Capt. Rae. Middle row: F/Lis. Smith, Chipperfield, Wing Cdrs. Sandeman, R. Durrand, Lt.-Cdr. Ballard, P/O. Marsden, F/Lt. F. Barrett, Lt.-Cdrs. Keir, R. Hill, W/O. Baker (referee). Back row: Pay Lt. Balfour, F/Lt. Eden Wilson, Pay Mid. Dalby, Lt. Gardner, Pay Lt.-Cdrs. R. Pearson, R. Wheen

**Performance in a Prison Camp**

Inmates of a Prisoners of War Camp in Germany gave a performance of "The Dover Road," produced by F/Lt. A. J. Madge, in which all the furniture, props, etc., were made by the performers. The cast, seen above, were Anthony Hudson as Leonard, Virian Kilby as Eustasia, Talbot Rothwell as Dominic, John Casson as Mr. Latimer, Dominic Page as Anne, and Rupert Davies as Nicholas

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Reading for Pleasure

**M**R. RAYMOND MORTIMER'S *Channel Packet* (Hogarth Press; 12s. 6d.) is at once a guide to and a series of comments on an intense, unfailing, enlivening pleasure—that of entering another world through the printed page. The appearance of this collection of essays would, in any season, be an event: in this fourth of our wartime winters it is a beacon. Holding this book, with its pink, black and white Graham Sutherland wrapper, one has between one's hands what has been most gay and humane in the civilisation of two countries, England and France. Mr. Mortimer, in his taste as a reader, has plied between the two shores. Hence the title, and hence the wrapper-drawing of the little packet-steamer, midway between high cliffs. In mind, one stands on its deck on a bright morning. One is traversing not only space, but time—for few of these essays' subjects are our contemporaries.

In itself, there is something grateful about the idea of movement. The cobwebs about our senses seem to be blown away. The long, harsh, silent constriction of these war-bound years breaks up. A freshening wind blows on us out of the best of time. There could be something heady about this element—the element of Mr. Mortimer's pages—in which we first lose, then rediscover, ourselves.

It is hard to define the quality that sets *Channel Packet* apart from the general run of "literary essays." Here, intellectual pleasure merges with social pleasure. One is reminded that all good pleasures have this in common: they are not to be stumbled on vaguely, enjoyed loosely. One needs, above all, discrimination, if one is to enjoy oneself to the full. And discrimination, of different kinds, is present in every line we have from Mr. Mortimer's pen. At the same time, he is never "special," and never didactic: he seems, rather, to assume in the reader a susceptibility, quite akin to his own, to the delightful, the astonishing, the unusual. This critic of the first order is without condescension: at no point does he appear to wish to inform us, but rather to discuss with us what we already know. If one does learn from him (and one does) one learns unconsciously—painless, one might say. I should call this the height of good-mannered writing—for the good-mannered person, you may have noticed, never makes anyone else feel deficient or in the wrong. Each of these essays flows on its spontaneous way like a stimulating, agreeable conversation, in which one has time to pause and refer to one's own ideas. The style is at once intimate and detached.

## Faces and Scenes

THESE *Channel Packet* essays derive their subjects from books, but are anything but bookish in character. Mr. Mortimer's feeling appears to be for literature as a social art. The concern of the essays is mainly with human

character—either with the characters of different men and women as seen in the puzzling, multiple mirrors of their friends' memories (or, in the case of diaries, of their own), or with the characters of authors—that ultimate riddle behind the author's works. With regard to these people that he discusses, Mr. Mortimer has known how to cull and savour not what is, always, in the obvious sense most striking, but what is inwardly unique and remarkable. In his reading of memoirs, letters and diaries, his eye has been for the clue, for the little revealing touch. Also, he has steeped himself in, and so can convey to us through his own writing, the atmosphere of different times and scenes. Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century France and England become nearer to us, as we read, than our own rather dire to-day. So *Channel Packet* takes us not only on a succession of journeys, but on a round of delightful, personal visits. Mr. Mortimer is a friend who makes free to us the good company he already enjoys.

The company that we meet with in *Channel Packet* is an aristocracy—of character, brains or breeding, sometimes of all three. And that one finds in itself refreshing: these days we must talk and think so much of "the little man." The very varied faces we meet in Mr. Mortimer's gallery (and yet I do not like "gallery," for these people seem living) have one thing in common: greatness—or, at least, what amounts to greatness, a kind of genius for life. Two or three of them happened to know each other; many were, in time, setting, experience, poles apart: here all are linked by Mr. Mortimer's knowledge of them.



Harlip

## Recent Portrait of the Nepalese Minister

Professor A. Leingel, famous Hungarian painter, has recently finished his portrait of H.E. General Sir Shingha Shumshere, nephew of the Maharaja of Nepal and Nepalese Minister in this country. For over 130 years the Hindu State of Nepal has been a good friend of Britain's. The fighting qualities and loyalty of her splendid Gurkha soldiers are known and revered throughout the world

Here are a few of the characters that we meet—Mrs. Thrale, Queen Victoria, General Booth, Macaulay, Proust, Mr. Gladstone, Malfamé, Lady Bessborough, Dr. Johnson, Augustine Birrell, Charles Kingsley, General Boulanger, Browning. . . . There are several hostesses, a bishop and two archbishops, two enthusiastic

Germans, lovers of both sexes, a don. . . . The atmosphere of conversations, the characters of all sort of controversies—religious, political, scholarly—the distinction or oddness of different social circles, all appear in the pages of *Channel Packet*. You may meet (perhaps for the first time) Mme. Geoffrin—that hostess of brilliant, pre-Revolution, eighteenth-century Paris—keeping difficult peace with the daughter who was her junior only by fifteen years. You may see (as she saw herself) Mrs. Thrale, sitting in that sunny, big-windowed drawing-room in her white pink-lined hat. . . .

Mr. Mortimer also discusses writers who either still are, or were till their recent deaths, his contemporaries—Gide, Virginia Woolf, A. E. Housman, Ezra Pound, Beachcomber, Lytton Strachey. I may have overstressed his feeling for people, his awareness of the atmospheres they create, but I feel that his pre-eminence as a critic of literature is already too well known to need further word from me. His purely critical powers appear at their fullest here. You will be, I think, particularly stimulated by the essay on Balzac, and by the appreciation of Robert Browning. You cannot fail to delight in his discussion of the Victorian painters.

(Concluded on page 24)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE music-hall was packed. Not even the finest orchestra

in the world, nor the world's finest singers, could have drawn a bigger crowd. Alas! therefore, that the stars of the evening turned out to be squibs, and damp at that! The female of the species was one of those pretty little things which synthetic beautifying seems able to turn out by the dozen. Her manner was playfully arch; her dress had all the material and glitter of a peacetime model. She began to sing. Her vocal métier was apparently allure. Unfortunately, one could hardly hear her! Nevertheless, a microphone the size of a large standard-lamp helped her to get her "goo-goo" just over the orchestra-pit.

But allure is somewhat handicapped if it has to drag along with it something as large as a standard-lamp, and its accompanying yards of coil, wherever it wishes to concentrate its magnetism. And this looked specially absurd when, kneeling to the attack, the microphone had to be pushed down into its socket before the offensive could begin. It became, however, definitely comic when, the crimson spot-light being turned on her, and with a handkerchief tied round her fair curls, she advanced towards the audience and announced that her next song was dedicated to "Our Great Russian Allies"! The words of this dedication were inaudible, but whenever it became necessary to utter the word "Stalingrad," the band followed it up with a tremendous crash! It crashed so loudly at the end that the audience felt forced to applaud loudly—a psychological effect inseparable, apparently, from all

deafening finales. After which the glittering apparition disappeared amid wreathed smiles, and, immediately afterwards, or bounced the star comedian. As too usual these days, his contribution to national "gaiety" consisted of a few dirty stories and a tap-dance! In fact, it said much for the taste of the audience that the turn which won the most spontaneous applause was that of two young men who played classical music on two pianos. Yet you could scarcely discover their names on the programme!

All of which led me to wonder once again where the Censor or the Lord Chamberlain, or whoever he is who looks after the embarrassment of a mixed audience, can be whenever there is not a play of deeply serious intention to blue-pencil? And why, especially in wartime, public taste in its lighter entertainment is considered rarely to rise above the sentimental and sexy mental attitude of the under-eighteens? In the long run, it empties the house—unless, as too often happens, there is nowhere else to go!

The only consolation, however, is that, with variety at its low ebb, the legitimate theatre is given yet another chance—which, up to the moment, it looks like taking as eagerly as people take influenza! I live in a town which seems to specialise in pre-London productions that mostly get lost on their way thither. Indeed, I am rarely surprised! Nevertheless, there is a whole vast public lying somewhere between a fan-dancer and Shakespeare; between Beethoven's symphonies and the rumba. It is nice to know there is—and that it is so large.

# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



### Broome — Houghton

Capt. Richard Broome, South Lancashire Regt., son of Mr. G. Broome and the late Mrs. Broome, and Désirée Leila Houghton, daughter of the late Blundell Houghton and of Mrs. Leila Sanderson, of 50, Sloane Street, S.W., were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



### Sale — Sharp

Capt. John Disney Sale, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Sale, of The Orchard, Atherstone, married Florence Winifred Roberts Sharp, youngest daughter of the late F. G. Sharp and Mrs. Sharp, of Trout Hall, Jamaica, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

### Gavin — Russell

Geoffrey Alan Gavin, 153rd Gurkha Battalion, only son of Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. D. S. Gavin, of Dunblane, Scotland, married Pamela Margaret Alice Russell, elder daughter of Sir Guthrie Russell, Director Munitions Production, India, and Lady Russell, at St. Andrew's Church, Simla



### Colvin White — Vaughan

Col. James Lumsden Colvin White, son of the late Lt.-Cdr. G. Colvin White, and Mrs. Maude Colvin White, married Kathleen Vaughan, daughter of the late David Vaughan and Mrs. Vaughan, of 20, Stanwick Rd., W., at St. Mark's, North Audley St.



### Latham — Arbuthnot

Colonel H. B. Latham, R.A., younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Latham, formerly of 8, Pont Street, S.W., married Ann Arbuthnot, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Arbuthnot, of Sinah Warren, Hayling Island, now of Chiddingsfold, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



### Spencer — Lindsay

Lieut. Peter Roland Spencer, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Wing Cdr. R. H. Spencer, R.A.F.V.R., and Mrs. Spencer, of Scotch Dyke, Ferring, Sussex, married Diana Louise Lindsay, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lindsay, of Chetwode Priory, Bucks., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



### Buckley — Renwick

Lt.-Cdr. Robin C. B. Buckley, G.M., R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Buckley, of Carshalton, and Pauline Enid Lewis Renwick, second daughter of the late Mrs. Enid Renwick, formerly of Southsea, were married at St. Stephen's, Avenue Road, N.W.



### Cooke-Yarborough — Baldwin

Michael Humphry Cooke-Yarborough, A.R.I.B.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cooke-Yarborough, married Pamela Baldwin, daughter of the late Sir John Baldwin, and Lady Baldwin, at Amersham Parish Church

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 9)

looking very lovely, was on her way to lunch. She had on a full-length opossum coat, very waisted, with a full skirt which is very striking on her tall, slim figure. Lady Long, in contrast, had on a close-fitting, three-quarter-length summer ermine coat when I saw her out walking with her little daughter, who is growing very like her pretty mother. Another luncheon was Mr. Derek Parker Bowles, in mufti, with his wife, who is the eldest daughter of Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford; she was wearing one of her beautifully tailored long coats, this time in red. The Hon. Audrey Paget, one of Lord Queenborough's daughters, was in M.T.C. uniform. Mrs. Raphael, tall and slim in a lovely dark mink coat, had on a fascinating little scarlet toque, with small scarlet quills the whole way round. Dining, I saw Major Maurice Kingscote, M.F.H., whom one doesn't often see in London these days, with a friend. Captain Clifford Smith, who has just finished a course at the Staff College, was on his way back to duty; he had his very pretty sister, Ginnie, with him. They were greeted by Chris Mackintosh, now head of a firm engaged in important war production, who said he was very hot, as he had just been playing a game of squash to keep fit! His wife, Lady Jean Mackintosh, one of the Duke of Hamilton's sisters, is in Canada with their children. Francis Vane-Tempest, in uniform, and his wife were having a drink with some friends. He was on leave from the R.A.F.V.R., in which he is a flight lieutenant. In peacetime he always wears a very high shirt-collar, like his famous kinsman, the Marquess of Londonderry.

## Naval Occasion

A WEEK or so ago we told the story of Major-General John Vaughan's kindness and hospitality to a previously unknown Canadian, Major Fuller of Toronto. Further evidence of wartime hospitality comes from Captain Sir Ian Fraser, the blind M.P. A short time ago, Sir Ian rang up some old friends, Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, and asked them to lend their lovely home in Avenue Road for a wedding reception to which a couple of hundred or so guests were to be invited. The bridal couple were both unknown to the Sterlings, but in spite of this they said "Yes" at once, and invited the bride to stay with them in order to establish the necessary period of domicile so that the wedding itself could take place at St. Stephen's, a neighbouring church, and so save guests the problems of transport. The bridegroom turned out to be Lieut.-Cdr. Robin Buckley, R.N., who was awarded the George Medal for great courage while serving in H.M.S. York off Crete. A number of lives were saved by Cdr. Buckley's action, as a result of which he is blind. He has since been at St. Dunstan's, and now, "having learnt to be blind," is an instructor at a naval establishment on the South Coast. His wife is the former Pauline Renwick, second daughter of the late Mrs. Enid Renwick of Southsea. Captain Portal, R.N., who commanded the York, was one of the guests; so was Vice-Admiral Egerton, Commander Donner, Commander Veale, Commander Bennett, and many other naval personalities. Friends from St. Dunstan's (apart from Sir Ian and Lady Fraser and their daughter, Jean) included Esmond Knight, R.N.V.R. Lieutenant blinded in the Bismarck action; Dr. Kosenberg, a very tall, handsome Polish officer who is now a qualified masseur; and Mr. C. A. Thomas.



Christening of Richard Hearne's Daughter

The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hearne was christened recently at Wrotham Church. Sir Garrard and Lady Tyrwhitt-Drake (Mayor and Mayoress of Maidstone) were godparents. Richard Hearne is co-starring with Jessie Matthews at Princes Theatre in "Wild Rose." His wife, the former revue actress Yvonne Ortrin, has appeared with him in past musical productions. Sir Garrard and Lady Tyrwhitt-Drake were photographed after the ceremony with the baby and her parents.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

Altogether, *Channel Packet* is a book to possess. Its pink, black and white presence upon your table will symbolise good company in your home.

## The Importance of Being Irish

M R. SEAN O'CASEY, of *Juno and the Paycock*, now gives us yet another play—*Red Roses for Me* (Macmillan; 6s.). This outstanding Irish dramatist varies more in manner than he does in materiel. *Red Roses for Me* is a symbolic-poetic treatment of that life in the tenement quarters of Dublin that has been the stuff of many of his earlier plays. It has a few, somehow disconcerting, touches of realism. All his work seems to me to be, in varying degrees, the literature of an obsession: his preoccupation with his own adolescent experiences seems to me too marked, and one wishes him free of it, using his powers to cover a wider ground. For what magnificent theatre work this is!

It may be the trait of notable Irish writers to make their nationality their subject. What happens in *Red Roses for Me* could have happened nowhere but in an Irish city. One may say that any house in any city may be made by art a microcosm of the entire world. But Mr. O'Casey refuses to let this happen: he has a sort of grand arrogance; he does not stoop to making his characters acceptable by showing how like the rest of the world they are. "They are like this," he thunders. "Like or dislike them, take them or leave them: these are their exaltations, these are their conflicts, these are their triumphs and these their fears."

In *Red Roses for Me*, the distracted young hero, Ayamonn Breydon, a railway worker sustained by pictures and books but troubled by social questions, has a patient mother, who tends fuchsias on the window-sill and, though a Protestant, gives her soap to her Catholic neighbours in order that they may wash their statue of the Madonna. The young Catholic girl, Sheila Moorneen, has many reasons to feel impatient with Ayamonn, but behaves with curious, fatalistic control. Any attempts Sheila makes to talk anything out with Ayamonn are interrupted by entrances of long strings of neighbours, who settle down for the evening to talk and sing. This play reminds me that my own people, the Irish, though frequently angry, are curiously seldom bored. Any other race (except, perhaps, the Russians) would have found the Breydons' neighbours intolerable—especially Brennan o' the Moor, and the trio of triste and symbolic women. Even in the streets, even in the precincts of the Protestant church, the neighbours always appear to be lined up—for the good-enough reason that they form a Greek chorus to the drama of Ayamonn's Hamlet-like indecisions. . . . Finally, Ayamonn's problems settle themselves: he is killed by a charge of soldiers while attending a meeting.

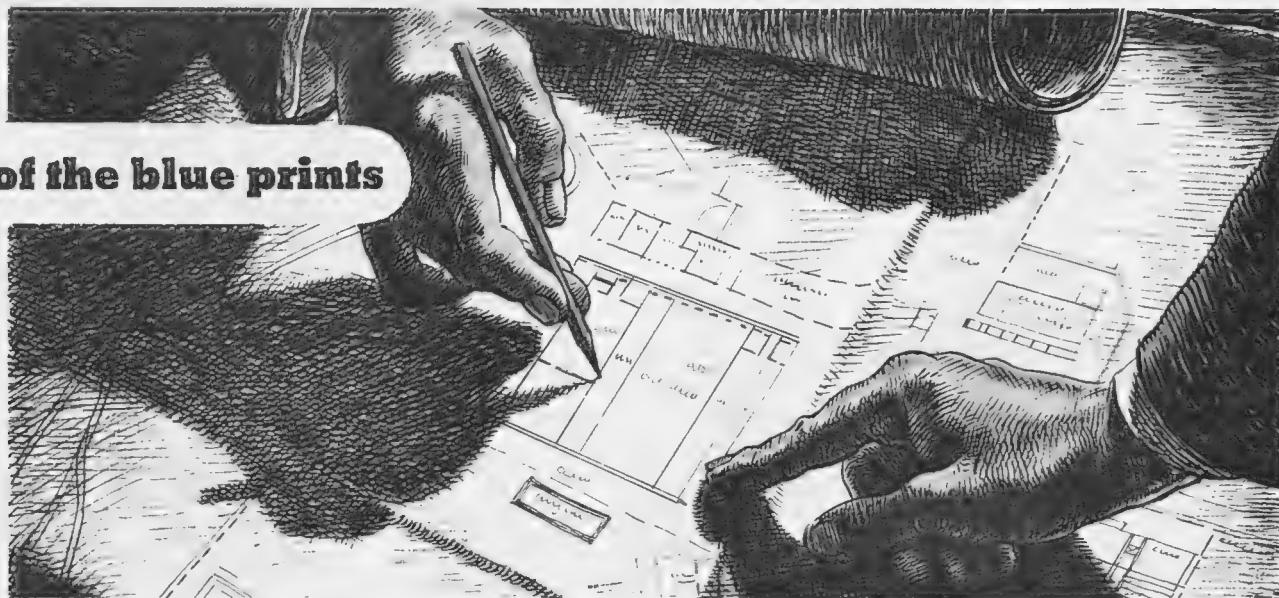
*Red Roses for Me*—which is so essentially for the theatre that it is unfair to discuss it till one has seen it played—may puzzle you or annoy you, but you should not miss it, even in book form. It bears the magic of Mr. O'Casey's touch. But how I wish his touch would extend itself!

## Wheel Within Wheel

FROM the mists of Dublin to the lights of New York! Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans' *Hotel Splendide* (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.) is a fine obituary of the luxury days. Mr. Bemelmans' eye is exact and ruthless; his style is crisp. He well knew the workings—of which he formed a part—of this palatial, big-city hotel. He is (like Mr. Thurber) a feature of the *New Yorker*; his wit is of that paper's usual dryness, but has, too, a decided character of its own. He has the inside view, and the lowdown, on the hotel's guests and its personnel. One might say that all hotels are fantastic, once you have ceased to take them (like clocks) for granted. Mr. Bemelmans, herewith, opens the door, and we watch all the wheels go round.

What cross-currents of motive and high feeling, what far-fetched ostentations, what an accretion of devious and high-powered characters! Mr. Bemelmans began work at the Splendide as a "bus boy" in the restaurant, working under the charmingly vague French waiter at whose tables unpopular guests were (for obvious reasons) placed. Old Mespoulets loved his old pet canary, but reluctantly decided to cut its head off, as he didn't "think it wanted to live any more." He also taught French to his underling. We meet Monsieur Victor, that most impressive of maîtres d'hôtels, and are given an intimate view of his home life when he had to withdraw for a few days to nurse a black eye, got by chasing a waiter among the ballroom scenery. We see waiters speculate on the Stock Exchange, on the strength of hints picked up from their clientele. We are told of the amiable beauty who lost her home-made mandolin at the hotel masked ball. We delight in Kakobé, the mild, giant Senegalese Negro, with his colour-reflecting, polished skin and his complex ambitions: he played many roles in the life of the Splendide—he twirled the elderly client so violently round his head in the course of the tableaux vivants preceding the famous ball that she sued the Splendide for a million dollars. Bemelmans (by this time up in the world) buys the Hispano in which the South American millionaire's sweetheart met her unhappy and gory end. And so on. . . . I think you cannot fail to delight in *Hotel Splendide*, which combines the speed and vitality of a movie with the especial wit of the written word. As a picture of an extreme of so-called civilisation, it must be, surely, without a parallel. The drawings (in pen and ink wash) are apt and equally witty—are they Bemelmans' own?

**The baffle of the blue prints**



TO-DAY, brains count no less than brawn. The times encourage swift action, resourceful adaptability. Witness one example which is common knowledge. Not so long ago The Nuffield Organization was a group of automobile manufacturers responsible for a large part of the car production of this country.

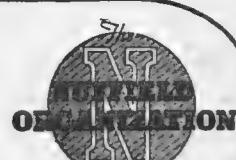
To-day it is something immeasurably greater—a vast engineering undertaking whose personnel, plant and experience have placed it in a major position in British industry—an organization whose potentialities must increasingly influence the shape of things to come.

*The*

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Graceful lines and perfect cut are the characteristic features of the evening dress on the right from Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street. It is an attractive study in black marocain and melody blue, the skirt being arranged in flattering folds; it is available in other colour schemes. As will be noticed, it is cut high at the back, while the sleeves terminate at the elbows. There is a variety of simple frocks, many of the peg-top character; by some they are designated fuel-saving. Stencilling as a method of decoration has returned to favour; there are large sprays of flowers, as well as delicate geometrical designs, thus all monotony is banished. Again, the position of pattern stencilling may be varied to flatter the figure. Simuli pockets have been revived; they have the appearance of draperies. Neither must it be overlooked that here is assembled a representative collection of brides' and bridesmaids' dresses



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION BY M. E. BROOKE

The decidedly attractive wrapper on the right comes from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. Affairs of this character are sometimes called house-coats. It is wellnigh impossible to give the name of the fabricating medium, as it is composed of many different yarns in modern colourings. It is light, wears well, and chilly mortals will like it, as the collar is high and the sleeves long. In the designing of the same, the needs of every type of figure have been taken into consideration. The fireside gown has many representatives; it may be slipped on in the fraction of a second, and is robbed of all complicated fastenings. A feature is made of gifts for invalids which may appropriately be worn all the year. The prettiest of garments for tiny tots are also to be seen. They are moderate in price, and, being perfectly ventilated, they are warm





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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Enormousness

**A**LMOST the only thing that remains constant in a changing world seems to be the urge to enormousness. Everything tends to get bigger. Departments tend to expand. Services to be enlarged. Aircraft to increase in size, weight and power. Even the single-seat fighter, which is helped in its duties by being small, has grown so that the fighters of to-day appear giants beside the fighters of a quarter of a century ago. The bombers and flying boats are growing as quickly.

It is not my intention to argue whether this cult of the colossal is good or bad. It seems to be inevitable. The person who resists it is thrust aside. The organisation that tries to stay little disappears; the organisation which fails to take every opportunity to enlarge itself and to press always for further enlargement, is in danger of disappearing. Above all other organisations the Air Ministry has the chance to grow. It has been growing rapidly. But I sometimes doubt if it is growing fast enough. Probably it has grown slightly more quickly than the War Office; but in view of its connection with the activity with the greatest possibilities of growth—aviation—I doubt if its march to magnitude is fast enough.

## How Grow?

**H**ow do departments enlarge themselves? They do so partly by direct increase, but also partly by absorbing other departments and organisations. The Home Office, by centralising the police forces, enlarges itself and extends its powers. A Ministry which takes in fresh activities, as did the Ministry of War Transport at an earlier date, obeys the law of growth. The Air Ministry, however, has kept strictly to itself. Its only growth has been through direct increase. It has not taken in additional fields of activity. In my opinion it might have been able to do so and, in any event, it ought to try to do so. I would like to see it preparing itself as the nucleus of the great, centralised

and single King's Service to which, in the end, the three Service system may move.

If General Mitchell's dream of a single fighting service with three equal departments for air, land and sea within it, becomes reality, it is to be hoped that the original central Ministry will be really air-minded. And what better Ministry to form this nucleus than the Air Ministry? I should like to see the Air Ministry more aggressive in seeking fresh fields to conquer. I would like to see it controlling the whole of air defence, including the anti-aircraft guns and the civil defence services. I would like to see it reaching out for these additional activities, and establishing its claim to them. After all, air defence can be considered one subject, and a subject on which the Air Ministry knows most.

## Back and Forward

**B**Y the time these words appear we shall have been able to scan the tables and statistics related to the air effort for 1942. Personally, I feel confident that they will show that the year was the turning point in the balance of air power. During the whole of it the Royal Air Force was proclaiming by its operations that it was achieving increased dominance over the enemy's air forces, and the United States Army Air Forces were coming into the picture more and more prominently.

On the naval side, too, there were great advances. Not the least of them was the introduction into service of the Seafire, Fleet Air Arm version of the Spitfire and the fastest fighter afloat (for, after all, a ship-borne aircraft is afloat part of its time). The United States Naval aviation continued to do mighty deeds in the Pacific, where Grumman Avengers proved their worth as torpedo carriers, Grumman Wildcats (Martlets in our own Service) as fighters. The Americans were also using the Martin Marauder as a torpedo carrier in the Pacific and it was said to be performing extremely well. Then, towards the close of the year, there was that remarkable daylight raid by American bombers, escorted for part of the distance by Allied fighters, on Romilly-sur-Seine. Friends in dozens who live in the south of England told me about seeing the American formations on the way



An Australian D.F.C.

**F**lying Officer A. I. McRitchie, R.A.F.V.R., received the D.F.C. at a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace. His wife (right) and his mother-in-law, Mrs. McArthur, accompanied him to the Palace. Flying Officer McRitchie comes from Melbourne, Australia.

out and spoke of the enormous condensation that they left behind them. It seems that they flying high as they left the coast and that they lay in the sky for hours afterwards. These condensation trails are delightful spectacles, but horribly uncomfortable for the crews of the aircraft that are made them. Nothing shows up the position and course of an aircraft better. The condensation trail is a great spotter. But the American attack was highly successful and once again the American gunners brought down a large number of enemy fighters with remarkable .5 in. machine guns.

It was a good climax to 1942. And it is a portent for the present year. The Americans undoubtedly will build up their daylight raiding, will improve the technique yet further and continue to penetrate more deeply into enemy-held territory until they reach Germany itself. Altogether the balance sheet for 1942 shows the most favourable balance yet. This year the balance should be more favourable and should mark the beginning of the liquidation of Axis air power.

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# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

## Stories from Everywhere

A PRETTY girl got into a bus that was full of shoppers.

Immediately a man got up, but before he could speak the girl said: "It's very good of you, but I'd rather stand."

He raised his hat and began:

"I—"

"No, really, I mean it."

"But—"

Again she interrupted him.

"I assure you, it's quite all right."

"But," he shouted desperately, "I'm trying to get out!"

IN the course of an English lesson, the teacher wrote on the blackboard: "He was bent on seeing his old school."

"Now, children," she said, "I want you to study that sentence and then write it down in your own words."

One small boy did some hard thinking. Then he wrote: "The sight of his old school doubled him up."

THE Mayor had consented, with a number of his corporation, to attend an important temperance gathering. They were rather late, and the chairman of the meeting, with the object of marking-time, announced that they would sing the hymn, "Hold the fort, for I am coming."

The civic procession, headed by the Mayor, entered the hall just as the audience were singing: "See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on!"

*Christmas Cards and Decorations are Needed NOW for Bullets. One Card will Make Fifty Small Arms Cartridge Wads. Twelfth Night is Here, so Don't Hoard*



Star of the Wellington Club Cabaret

Andree, star of the twice-nightly cabaret at the Wellington Club, Knightsbridge, is the daughter of a Canadian Army officer. She has been dancing since childhood, has toured the Dominions, the U.S.A., and the Far and Middle East, is married to a Fighting French Naval officer and works in an electrical factory during the day as her contribution to the war effort

THE hotel guest went up to the reception desk.

"Look here," he said, "will you please have a full-length mirror fitted in my room—number forty-seven—as soon as possible."

"But, sir," protested the clerk, "there are half-length mirrors fitted in all the rooms."

"Yes, I know that. But twice now I've gone out without my trousers!"

A MAN entered Hyde Park early one evening, followed by two pink elephants, ten blue cats, a maroon giraffe, and a dozen or so spotted snakes with bows on.

When he noticed this motley troupe he tried to wave them away, but they continued to trot along behind him.

He paused several times, looked back and cried: "Sho, all of you!" But in vain! The famous company crowded in his wake, jostling each other treading on his heels.

At last the man stopped dead, faced them, and in a loud, fierce voice: "Now then, all of you, get off if you don't leave me alone I'll take some aspirins and make you all disappear!"

A NEGRO preacher had pestered his bishop so many times with appeals for help that eventually the bishop told him in a tone of finality that he did not want any more appeals from him.

The next week came another letter:

"Dear Bishop—I assure you this is not an appeal. It is a report. I have no trousers!"

A WEALTHY merchant decided that he would commission an artist to paint his new country mansion, with himself as the owner standing in the doorway.

Accordingly he approached an artist who agreed to paint in the figure of his client.

"It's all right," said the merchant, "but when I come in?"

The artist tried to pass off the error as a joke.

"Oh," he said, "you've just gone inside to my cheque."

"Oh, have I?" retorted the other. "Perhaps I'll be coming out soon, and if I do I'll leave you; in the meantime, we'll wait."



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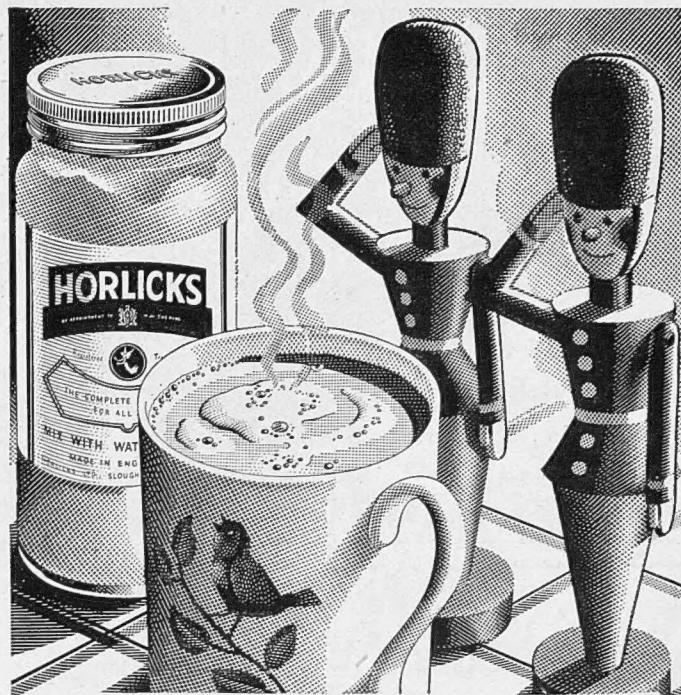
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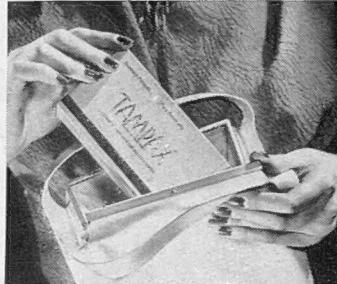
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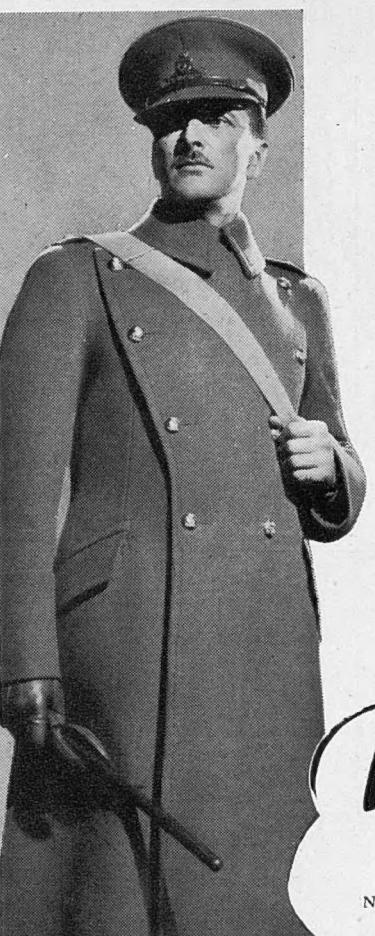
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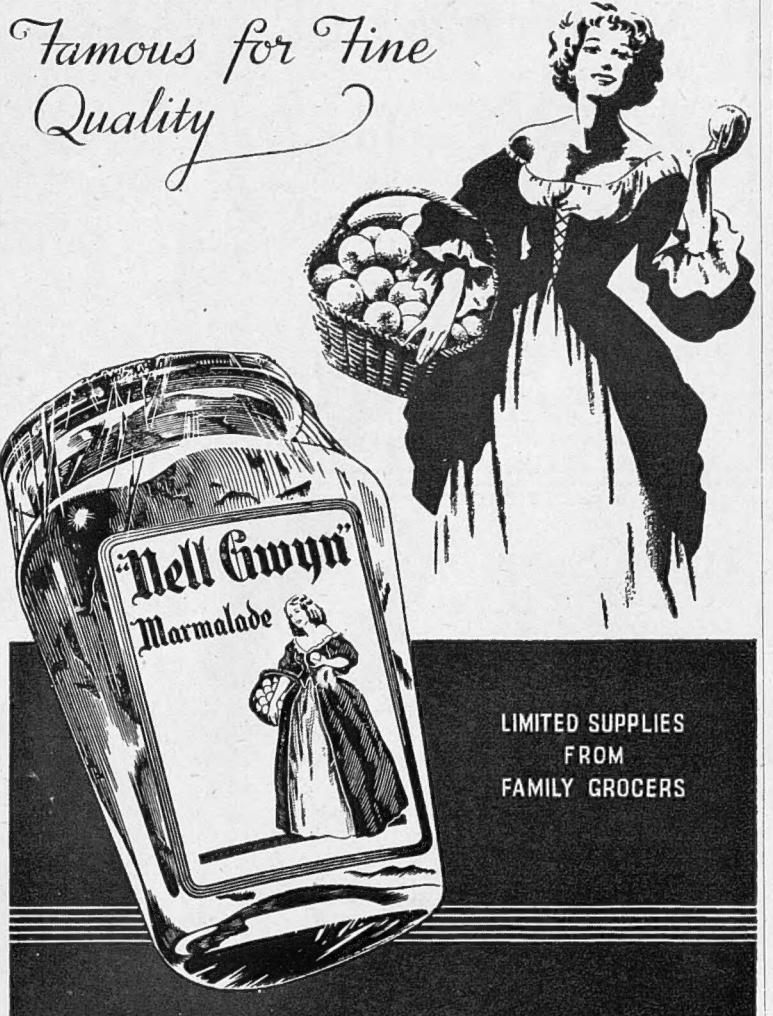
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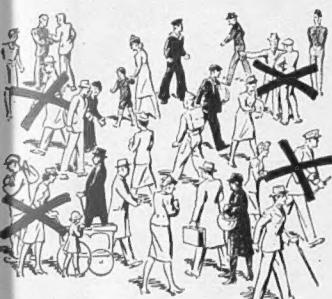
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